JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

With this issue JOHN BULL celebrates its second birthday. Established on the 9th June, 1906, its record has been unique in the history of modern journalism, and we may perhaps be permitted to say that to-day no weekly journal exercises a more widespread influence throughout the country. That fact, however, involves a very grave responsibility. Indeed, we doubt whether the systematic creation and guidance of public opinion may not be one of the most sacred functions in which anyone can be engaged. For ourselves, we have endeavoured to live up to the motto of our paper. Democratic and progressive in sentiment, we have been independent and non-party in method. A hard hitter, we have never wilfully struck below the belt. And, above all things, we have never lost our temper.

The founding of JOHN BULL was the natural sequel to the election of its editor to the House of Commons. And just as there we are gradually becoming understood, so in the wider sphere of journalism are our true aims and character steadily and surely manifesting themselves. Our title sums us up. We are "John Bull"—loyal to the King, his person, his empire and his throne; but equally loyal to his people and his State. We eschew cant and humbug in any form—whether disguised in the cloak of religion or social purity. We don't believe that any man is hopelessly bad—or particularly good. And, personally, we make no claim to moral superiority over our fellows. Whilst we believe that we possess a reasonable share of their virtues, we are sure that we also participate in their weaknesses. There is, however, this distinction—whilst, with the general body of our readers we may be sinners, we are not miserable ones. Assuming that we were all made in the image of God, we are satisfied that our early fall may be just as fairly attributed to faulty manufacture as to wilful sin—and believing that all things will come right in the end, we endeavour to take a broad-minded view of the problems of life as they come before us, and, ignoring all the contentions and strifes of the Churches, to do our best to get a glimpse of Heaven whilst we are still on earth. In that spirit we enter upon our third year, full of gratitude and appreciation as regards the past, and full, equally, of hope for the future.

Shall Stiggins block the way? Our friends across the Channel are absolutely furious that the only day upon which they can conveniently visit the Exhibition is barred to them; and in more than one district the posters have been torn down from the walls. Frenchmen, just beginning to know us, as the result of the Entente, stand aghast at our puritanical Sabbatarian prejudice, and we do not hesitate to say that unless matters are soon mended, our neighbours will boycott the whole show, and, disgusted with our insular insanity, begin to look elsewhere for a more congenial ally—leaving us to our missionary exhibitions and other similarly sloppy shows.

Here are a few definitions *apropos* Socialism, sent us by a correspondent, and well worthy of consideration:—

(1) Socialism is a plan to obviate the necessity of saying "Thank you."

(2) When Socialism is established, babies will no longer cry, "Mamma" and "Papa," but "Local Government Board" and "County Council."

(3) An Individualist either has all he wants or else he knows that he cannot get more than he has.

(4) The strongest obstacle to equality for all is the existence of two sexes.

(5) People are not frightened as much by Socialism as by Socialists.

Amid the chorus of newspaper puffery which has marked the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition we venture the grumble that it is painfully lacking in fun—and almost painfully English. Certainly it is more English than French. Even the open air café is an all but absent feature. About the only place in the Exhibition where you can at present take your unteetotal beverage in the open air is in the grounds of the Welcome Club—subscription three guineas the season. There are one or two obscure and lightless corners, far from the madding crowd, where you may sit, sans music, sans crowds, and all but sans light, and order what you please under the overhanging roof supported by pillars, or you may stand at various bars. But the open air café, with the panorama of crowds moving round tables set in the open air, is a feature which you seek in vain.

As a collection of buildings, especially when they are lighted up in the evenings, the Exhibition attains unto the magnificent. But buildings are but buildings; and after the sense of splendour as an architectural monument of the possibilities of wood and plaster in the hands of genius in a hurry has worn off with hours of walking along roads still unmade and piles of "matter in the wrong place," the public naturally longs for a little fun amid so much instruction. For the exhibits are the same old exhibits one has seen from time immemorial. Applied arts represented by jewellery, and tapestries, and Louis Quatorze furniture, shows of Australian apples, Australian quartz, Australian corned beef tins, Canadian corn and fruit, and so forth, are all very well; but the public grumble because they have to pay a shilling to see the fireworks, and are plentifully unprovided with seats to sit on, while the holders of season tickets grumble, and rightly grumble, because they have to pay threepence every time they sit down to hear the band. The other night one of our staff waited a quarter of an hour for a boat by the side of the rippling lake. By the time it appeared the man at the turnstile had let so many people through that he was crowded out, and had to wait ten minutes more. The Exhibition will be a success not because it is Franco-Anglo or Anglo-Franco, but because it is so long a time since a great exhibition was held in London. The White City is not only wonderful, but beautiful, and Mr. Imre Kiralfy is to be heartily congratulated on his triumph.

The infamous murder and mutilation of that golden-haired child of seven in South London compels one to wonder how it can be held that such a creature as this murderer was made in the likeness of his Maker. Here is a child decoyed from school, apparently outraged, then killed and hacked about, and finally deposited wrapped up in a brown paper parcel in a public lavatory. It makes the blood run cold and brings tears to the eyes to think of the sufferings of this little child. It is not the deed of a man; it is the atrocity of a fiend. To string up such a creature by the neck until he is dead seems a mild and merciful punishment. In the first impulse one feels that full and complete justice requires that he should be broken on a wheel and extinguished that way. But, perhaps, after all, he is a terrible tragedy himself.

Since we addressed our open letter of last week to the Earl of Crewe, he has so far risen to the occasion as to administer a more stinging rebuke, probably, to Natal than was ever addressed by a Home Minister to a Colonial Government. The stopping of Dinizulu's salary without the consent of the Secretary of State, thus depriving him of his means of defence in what has all the appearance of an outrageous prosecution, is but the culminating injustice of a long and apparently interminable series organised against him by the Natal political and judicial authorities. "I feel bound to express my disappointment," Lord Crewe tells the Governor of Natal, "that your ministers have treated a matter of this importance, in which grave political questions, involving native interests and the good faith of the Colony towards His Majesty's Government, are concerned, on purely technical grounds." This is strong language for an official despatch; and yet it might have been made much stronger without over-stepping the limits of the pressing necessity. How much longer is this black chief, a subject of the Great White King, to be kept in prison without trial? The Imperial honour is compromised in the dilatory proceedings of the politicians, lawyers and judges of Natal. Dinizulu must be released. And, meantime, he must be paid his screw.

Congratulations to our hon. friend, E. B. Barnard, M.P., on his election to the Chairmanship of the Water Board—and congratulations, equally, to the Board itself. Mr. Barnard is without a superior in his knowledge of water, conservancy, agricultural and local taxation questions—whilst he is a recognised authority on the Port of London and Local Government generally. A man of shrewd common sense and great individuality, he is a striking example of what can be achieved by dogged, independent, plodding effort. Working alone, and unaided, he has now secured the biggest administrative position in London, just as, some day, we hope ourselves—but we are digressing!

The Postmaster-General says that he is advised that Premium Bonds are in the nature of a lottery, and that the transmission through the post of advertisements relating to them is, therefore, contrary to the law. He adds that he is determined to prohibit newspapers containing such advertisements being sent through the post, and that if anyone desires to bring an action against him, he would be glad to defend it. This challenge, so the dailies report, was greeted with Ministerial cheers. We wonder whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer was amongst the Ministers who joined in this demonstration of approval? Our reason for asking this question is that one of the firms engaged in selling these Premium Bonds by means of circulars and advertisements is the Atlas Banking Corporation, of 10 and 11, Austin Friars, E.C., an institution which, so far as we know, is quite respectable and trustworthy. The Atlas Banking Corporation is in close business association with another company called the Cosmopolitan Press, which owns a weekly financial organ, called the *Cosmopolitan Financier*. The firm of Lloyd George, Roberts and Co., solicitors, of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the senior member, acts as solicitors for both the Atlas Banking Corporation and the Cosmopolitan Press. Now, the *Cosmopolitan Financier* contains several advertisements every week of the Atlas Banking Corporation in which Premium Bonds are offered for sale.

Now should it occur to the proprietors of the *Cosmopolitan Financier* to accept the Postmaster-General's challenge, and bring an action against him for refusing to accept for delivery any copies of their paper containing advertisements of the Atlas Banking Corporation in regard to Premium Bonds, the duty of initiating and prosecuting that action will devolve upon the firm of solicitors of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the head. Here then we would get a situation in which the author of "The Mikado" would have revelled. We do not at the moment discuss the question whether the view put forward by Mr. Buxton is correct or not. The principle which we desire to establish is that a Minister of the Crown should, upon acceptance of office, be compelled to sever his connection with any profession or business which is likely, at any time, to conflict with his official position.

This principle has been established, for over a decade now, in regard to Law Officers of the Crown, and it is also established in the case of solicitors promoting Parliamentary Bills,who are not permitted to become Members of Parliament until they have either ceased to practice as Parliamentary Agents, or have severed their connection with any firm so practising. Of course, it is quite possible that Mr. Lloyd George has ceased to take any part in the business of his firm, but we feel sure that—one of the best of men, despite his tub-thumping eccentricities—he will forgive us for calling his attention to the matter.

Scientific persons are occasionally quite entertaining. It appears that some of them have formed a "Society for the Study of Inebriety," which met together recently to discuss the very perplexing question, "Why do people drink?" We should have thought the simplest answer was that, not being sheep or camels, they would die if they refrained. It appears, however, that the Society is unscientific enough to use loose language, and, when it says "drink," it means "run risks of alcoholic poisoning." That is a very different and far more alluring problem, but we are not entirely satisfied by the answer which Dr. Atkinson, who opened the discussion, has afforded us. He said that "one of the principal causes of drinking was to produce temporary insensibility to the mental conditions affecting the drinker." If this means that everybody who calls for a glass of ale is actuated by a deliberate intention to produce "temporary insensibility," all we can say is that we do not believe it. To solve the problem once for all, we have gone to the great trouble and expense of submitting the question to one of the greatest living authorities. Mr. Jim Crow replied at once with his usual candour and felicity of expression, "Because I like it."

The report that Earl De la Warr intends to himself work the iron ore industry on his estate at Buckhurst, recalls the fact that Sussex was in time gone by the home of the iron maker. You may go in the legendary St. Leonard's Forest, near Horsham, which once stretched away to the seashore, and there come across deep pits, some transformed into lakes, which tell you of the time when the trees echoed the sound of the miner's pick. But there came a day when the Midlands arose, and, with up-to-date machinery, took away the smelting trade of primitive Sussex. Now, however, the noble lord of Bexhill is minded to bring back departed glories.

In future Mr. Edward Skipp, whose important vocation is that of conducting a London Cou ty Council tramcar, will peradventure be more sparing of his official music. A few days ago a passenger suffered grievous annoyance and pain because Mr. Skipp whistled on the platform of his car. Merry of heart and copious in his musical selections, Mr. Ski p whistled on without a thou ht of care, and when the passenge ade him refra n he declined so to do. He was subsequently summoned for contravening the bye-law No. 4, forbidding any person in or upon any car to play any noisy or musical instrument, and for refraining in accordance with bye-law No. 22, from nforcing bye-law No. 4, as afor s id. Now if Mr. Skipp had played upon a penny whistle, the instrument would clearly have been a noisy or musical one according to the intent and within the m aning of Bye-law 4 herein-before-mentioned. But the point he raised was whether his whistling lips were a noisy or musical instrument within the i tent and meaning aforesaid, also whether if so, the bye-law could apply to himself when it was framed for the sup ression of music in passengers. The objections t ken strike us as forcible and erudite, and seem *prima facie* fatal; but on the facts Mr. Cluer, the magistrate, held that Mr. Skipp had been guilty of persistent misbehaviour while in charge of a tramcar, likewise of wilful annoyance nd insult, an e is now out of pocket by 30s. and the costs. Sad that the conclusion should have been tragic. Life is already sufficiently full of sorrow; and to debar a tram conductor from competin with t e lark, the nightingale, and the thrush in pouring out the gladness of spring seems to border on the cruel.

There was some point in the Prime Minister's remark the other day that the assumption that when the King stays with a foreign Sovereign, or a foreign Sovereign stays with the King, they should never visit, though staying in the same house, or if they do meet, should only converse in the presence of a Cabinet Minister, is unreasonable. It is conceivable there may be moments when two Kings, like two ordinary persons, may like to exchange one or two touching stories in the solitude of the chamber. At such time, two may be company and three a tremendous crowd. To suppose that when they meet King Edward and the Czar will talk nothing except politics is absurd. In any case, so far as King Edward is concerned, if he discussed the concert of Europe or any other sort of international music with the Czar from morn to dewy eve, the conversation would be no more binding upon this country than a conversation between Bill Jones and Jack Robinson on the lamentable disappearance of the dodo. If, however, the little autocrat has anything to say to the King which he would like His Majesty's Ministers to hear in due course, there is no reason in heaven or earth that we can think of why it should not be said This country is, or ought to be, a nation in busines for peace with all the world, and any visit, officia. or unofficial, paid by King Edward to a fellow Sovereign assisting to that beneficent end is in no way to be discouraged. On the contrary.

We much appreciate the humour of Mr. Stewart Bowles's excursion into the dimmer realms of history. He has been telling the House of Commons that in the Middle Ages, if a man refused to pay the taxes for which he was liable, the authorities put him in a press and supplied weights progressively until he either paid up or expired; and one could have no doubt that if figurative language was as common in those days as in these, and one asked the industrious mechanic who applied the weights what he was doing, he would have replied that he was "broadening the basis of taxation." Broadening the basis of taxation is, indeed, a fine and capacious phrase. It is like the general omnibus in this sense, that it holds a lot. But what it comes to with all Governments is a new means of enabling 'em to pick our pockets.

We all know the ferocity of the show-lion—how he gnashes his teeth with rage, and shakes his Paderweskian mane, and roars for somebody or something to devour. But this is a world of fakes and frauds, and that lion—well, consider the diverting case of a lion-tamer of Truro, charged the other day by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Lions and other tame beasts with cruelty to a lioness by teasing and infuriating it. Before the tamer entered the cage a man informed the ladies and gentlemen they beheld a wild and ferocious Queen of Beasts which had killed utterly several people. As a matter of fact the animal was as gentle as a sucking dove, had been reared by its owner from cubbage, and up to date hadn't even killed a fly or a beetle. "If," said the trainer in court, "the animal were really infuriated, no man in his sane senses would dream of entering the cage;" which seems as obvious as old Stilton. Two veterinary surgeons added that "the lioness's performance was evidence of perfect training, and the case was dismissed." We believe the only Bernhardt used to play with lion cubs in her drawing-

room, and they reciprocated her caresses with lavish affection. This Truro lioness was apparently of a similarly affectionate disposition. To put it shortly, the R.S.P.C.A. has been spoofed. Appearances were ever deceitful. You can no more judge a lion by its roar than you can judge a man by the crease down his trousers.

Every now and again our grandmother, the *Spectator*, breaks out into competition with the more comic papers, To be candid, the comic mood of our contemporary is the one which delights us most. It is much concerned because the wicked Radicals wax enthusiastic about the Access to Mountains Bill. "Why," it demands to know, "not an Access to Parks and Paddocks Bill, an Access to Private Libraries Bill, an Access to Stables Bill, and an Access to Houses and Flats Bill?" With just as much, or just as little, sense it might as well ask why not an Access to Bank of England Safes Bill, or an Access to Gold Mines Bill? The Lord made the mountains, and for all we know to the contrary, the devil had a hand in making the other things; they are rather younger, anyhow. For generations the landlords have fenced in anything in the way of land they could lay their hands on, usually when nobody else was looking. They tried to steal the commons; they have stolen the foreshores and claim sole rights over the fish in the rivers. Year after year they filch the hedgerows, the roadstrips, and the footpaths, and they have begun to paint "Private" on the everlasting hills. Verily the earth is the landlords' and all the fulness thereof, barring the air, the sky, and the deep sea; and one of these days they will annex that last little lot if somebody does not watch 'em.

When you are heir-presumptive to vast estates like those of the Duke of Norfolk, we suppose it is apt to spoil your breakfast when, opening your paper of a morning, you find that something in a bed, without hair, or teeth, and with barely the instinct to find the way to its food, has come to count you out. The fact that you are uncle to the dear little seraph makes no difference in your welcome, probably; not unless you are what Mr. George Bernard Shaw would call superman. Possibly Lord Edmund Talbot, M.P., hitherto the Duke of Norfolk's heir-presumptive, *is* superman, a spoiled breakfast notwithstanding; we hope so anyhow. Having no direct interest in the estates and title, we can afford to congratulate the Duke with equanimity on the birth of an heir. He deserves one, and if the young man lives to be as good a Duke as his father, he will deserve his father. That is giving him a character good enough for anybody.

Referring to our recent paragraph on the Bishop of London and divorce, it may be as well to point out that the Bishop is not very well acquainted with ecclesiastical history. Cranmer and the leading divines in the reign of Henry VIII. advocated divorce, instead of separation, for cruelty and desertion. At the time of the Reformation the Church ceased to regard marriage as a sacrament, and the question then arose whether or not marriage was therefore dissoluble. From 1550 to 1602 the Church decided that marriage *was* dissoluble, and granted decrees of divorce, but this practice was altered in 1597, when a bond of chastity was required from each of the parties before a decree of separation was pronounced. Long before 1857 the Ecclesiastical Courts granted decrees of separation with the full knowledge that these decrees would be used to obtain divorces by Act of Parliament. In 1857 the Bishops were by no means unanimous in resisting the passing of the Divorce Act. In fact, the Greek Church has always recognised the necessity of divorce, and the Roman Catholic Church solved the question in the Middle Ages by allowing marriages to be annulled for fanciful reasons.

In common with most other large cities, Glasgow is overcrowded with cadgers, though of all British cities it would appear to be the one least likely to yield a profitable harvest. The Glaswegian has at least this in common with the Aberdonian, that he does not part with his bawbees easily. Indeed, there is that story of the Glasgow man and the Aberdeen man who came to London on holiday. Feeling in his pocket and pulling out his pipe the Aberdeen man addressed his friend. "Hae ye a match, Alec?" "Aye, I hae ane or twa," was the reply; and the Glasgow man was about to strike one when the Aberdeen man looked into the empty bowl of the pipe and exclaimed, "Bad luck and a'; ah'm fearing I ha' nae bacca, nayther." "Then ye'll no need the match," responded the Glasgow man as he replaced it in his pocket. If that is characteristic of the Glasgow man it is not a little remarkable that the loafers who live on the casual charity of the public should find in Glasgow so many people willing to separate themselves and their bawbees when a professional tramp pitches a lugubrious tale.

We learn that there are not fewer than sixty-seven lodging houses in the city, 51 for men and 16 for women, and that Glasgow's army of tramps and beggars pours out of these at all hours of the day. Others live in farmed-out houses with their families. But wherever they live, they seem to make a good lazy living.

"One who has tramped" tells in the *Glasgow People's Journal* of children being sent into the streets barelegged all the day and far into the nights to cadge for brutal parents—of a mite of seven years of age afraid to go home because he had not sufficient money to take to a drunken father, who himself spent the day in begging. We learn of one family consisting of two gaol birds, a man and woman, with eight children, every one engaged in begging. No doubt all this could be told of London to a far more appalling extent. But there is this to be said, that between the police and the mendicity suppression societies London mendicants have a hot time of it, and the game is by no means as profitable as it used to be. Whether it be that the police of Glasgow are less efficient, or less drastic in their methods, we are unable to say. Glaswegians have one effective means of self-protection, however. They should refuse to give to cadgers at the gate or in the street, whether they appear in the guise of hawkers of boot laces, tape, and buttons, or of matches, or of singers by the road side, or as beggars pure and simple—or rather as beggars neither pure nor simple. The more harrowing the tale the vaster the lie; the greater the shiver the greater the humbug. This may be a hard saying. But then experience is a hard school—and the fees you pay in it are apt to be high.

Apropos, the Home Secretary has "practically approved" of certain London County Council regulations intended to clear the public parks of verminous persons. It has long been a complaint among ladies that the seats and even the grass in the London parks during the summer is infested with the particular species of animalculæ known in the Latin as *Pediculæ vestimenti*, and which are not to be confounded with ants. The loafer casts himself on the verdure, or sprawls on the seats, anywhere for comfort and fresh air, and both are more easily procurable in the parks during summer than in common lodging-houses. When the morning breaks he laves in the dew, and cleanses his garments when unbearably irritant in the limpid lakes. Later in the day ladies sit down on those seats, and the children play on the grass. When they arrive home a new sensation induces rigid search for the cause thereof; when low and behold they find. Even a fond mother cannot always afford to destroy her child's clothing, but in the case of a dame of the modes, the ten-guinea costume she beheld in the morning as a thing of beauty, now becomes a thing of loathing.

Fumigation and quarantine are out of the question, so the thing is cast into the fiery furnace, and there consumed utterly, with all that it contains. The new regulations will keep uncleanly vagabonds moving. "Bear ye one another's burdens" is a sublime saying; but it does not apply to the pernicious squatters of the London parks.

In this tropical weather it is curious to find members of Parliament complaining about lightly-clad Ceylon, Indian and other natives now exhibiting themselves in London, at our expositions, at the charge of one shilling extra. It is just the sort of costume that all of us would at present like to adopt. When the Kaffirs were to be seen some time ago at Earl's Court, the lady visitors were charmed with the beauty of their dusky skins, shining like satin, and nothing about their "nakedness unashamed" was whispered. Probably some of the romance would have been rubbed off if they had known that the glossy effect was rubbed on, and that the smell at close quarters—but there! we must not give away the secrets of the toilet. Really, if Mr. Weir and Mr. McNeill are so envious of the unconventional clothing of these "poor heathen," they might try to dissemble their feelings and find an antidote in a visit to the missionary show at Islington!

More "howlers" from school:—"The Cabinet consists of the Private Secretaries, the Foreign Secretaries, Colonial Secretaries, and the Poet Laureate." "Oliver Cromwell called 14th September his lucky da ; he died on it, but still called it his lucky day." "Christianity was introduced into England by Julius Cæsar in 55 B.C." "Magna Charter was good to the poor. Her photograph is on stained glass windows in Scotland." "A cyclone is for telling the distance of travelling." "The dingo is a bird with a dog's face." "The Forth Bridge is in Venice; suspects are led by the Council of Three, and never heard of afterwards." "Rangoon is a Prussian seaport on the Baltic, because it is on a Rangoon salt-water lake." "The scavenger dog is an ungamely dog which puts his refuse out at night and clears it away before morning."

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of APRIL 25TH and MAY 2ND:—

A. T. MORGAN, 27, Fenelon Road, Warwick Road, Kensington, W. (No. 98,511—April 25th.)
H. BURGESS, 46, Staunton Street, Deptford S.E. (No. 28,365—April 25th.)
W. B. BENHAM, 20, Denbigh Road, Boundary Road, East Ham, E. (No. 93,609—April 25th.)
EDWARD HAINS, 101, Camden Street, Camden Road, N. No. 53,727—May 2nd.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of MAY 9th:—

1448; 2251; 3264; 3455; 4960; 5559; 5716; 16746; 18618; 21904; 25527; 25582; 28724; 29746; 35982; 36788; 38345; 46817; 53623; 54166; 55296; 59548; 64116; 64426; 66277; 67791; 74023; 76539; 84825 84950; 85855; 87818; 96199; 98522; 98715; 99820; 101270; 102364; 106977; 108794; 114661; 114927; 119114; 120623; 122087; 123108; 127812; 128237; 128388; 128485.

INITIAL ROUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 18th (PUBLISHED JULY 16th).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For reporting that "under the new diocesan scheme the Bishop of Chichester, Sussex, will be divided into three divisions, each presided over by an Archdeacon."

THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the only peculiarity about a penguin's egg is that the white is a bright sea-green colour,

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For wanting to purchase a house "with coach house large enough for two marriages and a motor-car,"

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For asserting that Lord Aberdeen "stepped into a very smartly turned-out tandem drawn by four horses,"

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUT.

For stating in evidence against a drunken man, "he was unable to walk, your worship, and I requested him to go away, which he didn't,"

A CROYDON POLICEMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for a young MAN, "twelve or fifteen years old, knowing both languages and with experience in a lawyer's office,"

AN ADVERTISER IN THE *MONTREAL DAILY STAR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For depicting Mr. Arthur Balfour in trousers with "scolloped bottoms," and a coat without buttons, button-holes or lapels,

AN EXHIBITOR IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that "the ranches of Leinster must be split up, and if Mr. Birrell did not produce a bill to that effect, he might light his pipe with it,"

MR. GINNELL, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in his Monthly Return for the Principal Towns of Scotland that "of the 4,475 deaths, 316, or 7·1 per cent., were illegitimate,"

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying "we have no wish to exaggerate," but "Manchester has spoken: the cause of Free Trade is at an end,"

THE *OBSERVER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

A CALCUTTA GROUP OF "JOHN BULLITES."

One of our readers sends us the interesting photograph, reproduced below, of his brother and two friends, basking in the cool breezes of JOHN BULL out in Calcutta.

COCOA AND CONSCIENCE.

SOME PLAIN QUESTIONS TO MESSRS. CADBURY, FRY, AND ROWNTREE.

The vigorous campaign which has been carried on, both in this country and in America, against the Belgian régime in the Congo, has had an unfortunate result—it has distracted public attention from the misdeeds of other European nations in tropical Africa, and has allowed one at least of them, the Portuguese, to practise the most abominable atrocities almost unnoticed by the Anglo-Saxon Press.

It is curious how few people nowadays regard Portugal as a Colonial Power. To the majority, she is merely a back-number amongst the nations—a pitiful little State who emerges from her proper obscurity only when her lazy, unruly, poverty-stricken inhabitants stain her annals with some fresh political outrage. Yet, as a matter of fact, Portugal still owns enormous tracts of land on both the East and West Coasts of Africa, low-lying, jungle-clad countries for the most part—territories right off the main track, where no tourist ever goes, and where the white inhabitants are only numbered by scores, or at most by hundreds, whilst one vaguely calculates the natives in millions. The Portuguese colonies are essentially the lands of mystery and darkness, in which the white man who has the will to oppress the natives can do so practically without fear of detection, certainly without fear of punishment.

True, from time to time, vague, disquieting rumours of slave labour being employed on the cocoa plantations of San Thomé and Principe, Portuguese islands on the West Coast, reach the outer world, and, in the latter part of 1904, Mr. H. W. Nevinson visited Angola and carried out a thorough investigation, the result of which was a book entitled "A Modern Slavery," published by Messrs. Harper Bros., of New York.

Seldom has a stronger indictment of any civilised Government been drawn up and given to the public. Mr. Nevinson found the slave trade as flourishing as though Wilberforce had never lived. There were—and still are—all the old horrors, the raids on unsuspecting villages, the terrible marches in shackles through the Hunger Country, the floggings and shootings, the abominations of the slave-ship, and then the constant, hopeless, unremitting toil on the cocoa plantations. In short, the islands of San Thomé and Principe are as much in need of a British squadron to rid them of the curse of slavery as was the Barbary Coast in the days of Lord Exmouth.

Mr. Nevinson's book excited a certain amount of interest, but so far as the slave trade was concerned, its result was practically nothing. The Portuguese continued to do evil in their own peculiar way, and the cocoa continued to find a ready market.

In June, 1905, however, about the time Mr. Nevinson was leaving the coast, a Mr. Joseph Burtt, described by Mr. W. A. Cadbury as a "personal friend of twenty years' standing," arrived in San Thomé. He was the accredited representative of three British firms, Messrs. Cadbury, Fry and Rowntree, and of one German firm, Messrs. Stollwerck, of Cologne; and his mission was to investigate the local conditions of labour. Mr. Burtt's inquiry extended over nearly two years, almost twice as long as that of Mr. Nevinson, and, at least during the latter part of his stay, he must have had Mr. Nevinson's book to guide him.

Mr. Burtt returned home, and those who knew of his tour of investigation looked forward to the publication of a report confirming, if not amplifying, Mr. Nevinson's terrible exposures. But that report never came into the glare of publicity. It was printed privately, and circulated amongst a select few; and the only statement issued to the Press was almost sensational in its mildness. The words "slave" and "slavery" were never even mentioned, although it was admitted that "natives are shipped to the islands against their will, and, therefore, when they allow themselves to be contracted, it is under force of circumstances, and not a voluntary act," but even this was qualified by a note to the effect that "the treatment of the native in the islands, at any rate in the large and best managed estates, is excellent."

The natural effect of this statement from the official representative of Messrs. Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree was that the public came to the conclusion that Mr. Nevinson's stories of horror had been, to say the least, overdrawn, that, when it was drinking its morning cocoa, it was, at the worst, merely abetting a humane system of forced labour, which was probably rather beneficial than otherwise to the lazy natives, who was thus taught the nobility of toil.

From that time onwards practically nothing was heard of the matter, until a few weeks back, when, in a pamphlet dated April 21st, 1908, the Aborigines Protection Society raised the question afresh, repeating and augmenting Mr. Nevinson's charges. Almost simultaneously, a long cable from New York, containing sensational accusations of slave trading made against the Portuguese by General Joubert-Pinaar, an ex-Angola Boer, appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, arousing an amount of interest which the pamphlet might have failed to evoke.

In a single day, the Cocoa question was to the fore again, and then, on May 6th, the *Daily News*, Mr. Cadbury's own journal, published a leading article, upholding all that Mr. Nevinson had said. The following are a few extracts from that article:—"The plantations of Angola have always been worked by slave labour, and no legal fiction has ever altered the crude reality." "The path is strewn with the bones of slaves who have died by the way; some shot by their captors, some left to perish of disease and starvation." "The mortality on some plantations reaches 24 per cent. per annum, and its cause is said to be anæmia, due to sheer misery and home-sickness."

It is interesting to compare these extracts from Mr. Cadbury's paper with those few extracts from Mr. Burtt's report which the firms of Messrs. Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree made public on the return of their representative. Why, if they knew the facts then; why, if in 1906 Mr. Burtt found that "the plantations have always been worked by slave labour," was not the public told the whole truth? True, it would have turned the cocoa-drinker against his harmless drink; but, on the other hand, it is obvious that Mr. W. A. Cadbury would not have minded that, for, during a conference on the subject, he stated that "Much as we should regret to lose the opportunity of buying your excellent cocoa, and even knowing it would entail to us financial loss, speaking at least for our own firm, our conscience would not allow us to go on purchasing raw material for our business unless we are assured that in future it is to be produced by free labour." Then, to the printed report of this declararion, is appended the following note:—"The proportion of San Thomé cocoa which comes to England is less than *one-twentieth* of the world's supply."

The question which will naturally arise in the mind of the public is this: If Messrs. Cadbury, and, presumably Messrs. Fry and Rowntree as well, are abiding by this self-denying ordinance, who buys the slave-grown cocoa?

The Board of Trade Returns give the following figures:—

	1906.	1907.
Total of cocoa imported from Portugal	12,969,000 lbs.	16,357,000 lbs.
Total of cocoa imported from all sources	51,670,000 lbs.	57,108,000 lbs.
Cocoa known *for certain* to have come from Angola (San Thome and Principe), through Portugal	6,658,000 lbs.	Not yet out.

Furthermore, we were informed by the Board of Trade that the last figures, 6,658,000 lbs., by no means represent the true total, for by far the greater part of the cocoa imported from Portugal is of Angola growth, though, owing to the fact that it is handled first by Portuguese brokers, the real figures are not availabe. Moreover, the increase of 3,368,000 lbs. between 1906 and 1907—what we may call Mr. Burtt's years—is almost entirely due to increased imports of this slave-grown cocoa.

Who buys this cocoa? The number of cocoa manufacturers of any importance is so small that their names are household words. One-eighth of the cocoa imported into England is certainly slave-grown; one-third is tainted with the suspicion of being slave-grown; and the real proportion is probably about one-fourth. Some of the large cocoa-manufacturers must be the purchasers, some of them must be responsible for the increased demand which has led to the increased supply. Who are they? Can the three firms of Cadbury, Rowntree, and Fry, who sent out Mr. Burtt, and who, in themselves, constitute the most important part of our cocoa industry, give us this information?

MONTENEGRO.

By Jim Crow.

[Our eccentric contributor, Mr. Crow, gives his impressions of Montenegro.]

At last I have discovered a country which I can visit with pleasure unalloyed. It is a country full of nature's gentlemen. Even the poorest peasant may be reckoned as one of the first gentlemen in Europe. He carries a small arsenal of weapons in his belt, and the effect of this habit after countless generations is excellent. Not only are quarrels almost unknown, but punctilious forms of courtesy prevail in the remotest villages. Such a thing as an insult would be severely discouraged by public opinion. As a Montenegrin remarked to me, a loaded revolver is carried for twenty or thirty years on the off-chance that it may be needed for a single instant. And a loaded revolver, like the good old fashion of duelling, is the finest corrective of manners in the world.

Fair Women and Brave Men.

As befits a nation of heroes, the Montenegrins are a race of magnificent giants. When I walked the streets of the capital, I fancied I must have waked up suddenly in the Kingdom of Brobdingnag. I am not exaggerating when I say that there was scarcely a man who stood less than 6ft. 4in., in his socks, while 6ft. 6in. or more was regarded as quite an ordinary stature. And their broad shoulders, their regal walk, their gorgeous raiment, all carried off their inches to the utmost advantage. Such kindly giants, too. Their genial smiles, their courtly manners, their entire freedom from hurry emphasised their inherent majesty. And, Heavens above! What women! Surely Diana and Venus were not to be compared with some of these. Their features are those of the ancient Romans at their best, or those of mediæval Italians as idealised by the old masters. The least little peasant girl fetching water from a well may have the face of a Madonna, the walk of a duchess, the full grace of Olympus. No wonder that all the kings of the earth come to Montenegro for their brides.

A Native Aristocracy.

The theory is that, after the battle of Kosovo, when the old Servian Empire succumbed to the Turk, the noblest warriors and their families took refuge in the fastnesses of Montenegro. There they maintained their independence with their swords unto this day, while their weaker brethren in the plains bowed the knee to an alien rule. They married only among themselves and the purity of their race was unalloyed. In type and character they seem to resemble the Highlanders of Sir Walter Scott. Inured to hardships from the cradle, a fighting race if ever there was one in the world, at once proud and hospitable, faithful unto death yet rejoicing in their freedom, they would seem the ideal people for a glorious and desperate enterprise.

Out of the Turmoil.

The approach to the capital is appropriate. You leave your comfortable steamer at Cattaro, a sultry little town on a blinding lake at the foot of a great grey mountain. Like most of the Dalmatian towns I have seen, it is the home of hubbub, a factory of infinite din. While I was endeavouring to compose my majestic phrases a chambermaid across the narrow alley was screeching the songs of an Italian opera by the hour, to the accompaniment of the loudest cocks and cats I ever heard, while boisterous peals of bells rang out from all the neighbouring churches, men hammered boxes with untiring energy, soldiers trundled barrels unceasingly, a score of children played the wildest games. Never have I known such a relief as the escape from this pandemonium to the silence of a majestic mountain.

The Black Mountain.

The road to Cettinje has already been described many times. Broad and smooth and white, it winds like an endless coil of glistening ribbon in huge zigzags up the sheer face of the rock. Stupendous views of the famous Bocche di Cattaro, with gay bays apparently rising in tiers one above the other, fantastic islands and variegated promontories unroll themselves behind you as you ascend into the clouds. After some three or four hours you reach the top of the pass and behold an entirely different prospect. As far as the eye can reach there is nothing but an expanse of rocks, studded with the scarcest of stunted vegetation. You are apparently on the edge of the crater of some primæval volcano, and it is interesting to note how the people take advantage of every little plot of earth to snatch the smallest opportunity for agriculture. Strange little green or brown basins of corn or earth nestle amid the wild expanse of grey, and stray goats scramble up precipices in search of stray tufts. Montenegro, "the Black Mountain," is almost a white one, and, strangely enough, its rugged aspect appears full of friendliness.

The Capital.

"There is Cettinje," the driver exclaims at last, and you behold the twinkle of red roofs in the hollow of another crater. My first impression on arrival was of the excellent arrangements for a solemn state entry. You come straight down from the mountains to a broad street, flanked with green trees, an avenue leading directly to the hotel. And as there is scarcely any vehicular traffic, the arrival of your dusty baggage-laden cabs has all the effect of a procession. The people turn and smile; some actually doff their caps. Truly a right royal welcome.

The Grand Hotel.

The inn, too, affords a pleasant surprise. Your Austrian friends will have prepared you for the discomforts of a remote village, but you find large, airy rooms, good beds, perfect cleanliness and very fair cooking. The landlord, who is also the banker of the country, wears a bright green coat, a red sash, gold lace and top boots. He might be a warrior or an ambassador, and his genial conversation is one of the attractions of his house. A large room at the corner does duty as the British Legation, and I could not repress my surprise at this modest establishment, seeing that the representatives of other Powers are lodged in inposing palaces. However, we live under a Government which preaches economy, house-rents are high at Cettinje and Montenegrin friendship is so secure that we have no need of any special display.

British Popularity.

Wherever you go, you will hear of the peculiar affection with which England is regarded in Montenegro. It appears that we did the country a service once upon a time when the Turks tried their favourite policy of passive resistance after the Treaty of Berlin. From Prince to peasant, all hold the name of Gladstone in high esteem, and they lavish a reflected glory upon the compatriots of the Grand Old Man. Even in these days of ententes cordiales, the British are not personally popular on the Continent, and it is pleasant to light upon one land where we may be sure of a cordial welcome.

A Field for Travellers.

To any traveller, who is tired of the beaten track, I may confidently recommend a visit to Montenegro. It is by no means difficult of access, and will be still easier next autumn, when a service of motor-cars will take us swiftly over the whole principality. Many tourists now come as far as Cettinje, but they are usually content with a hurried glimpse of the capital and rush back next day to the sweltering coast. There are, however, all manner of delights to be found in the interior: some of the grandest scenery in the world, manners and customs almost unaltered since the middle ages, excellent fishing, wild rides through dense forests and over romantic mountains, and security so perfect that the full joy of exploration may be experienced without an instant's anxiety for the most timorous. It is indeed amazing that anyone should be content with the vulgar sights of Switzerland or the hackneyed haunts of Italy, when the mystery and majesty of Montenegro are within their reach.

CUPID, M.A.

He's a will o' the wisp,
With a feminine lisp,
And a manner that none can withstand;
He's a smart diplomat,
In a Cavalier hat,
And he travels through every land.
Where'er he may go,
Us men he lays low
With his quiver, his bow, and his darts:
He's a lively young fellow
Whose hair is dyed yellow,
And a qualified Master of Hearts.

A. J. H.

TO THE VICTOR THE SPOILS.

By J. BIRCH.

I.

The play had been long and desperate. For a time Luck had veered from one to another of the four players with charming impartiality. Then the fickle goddess had deserted young Gilbert Delmore, and play how he would, cautiously or recklessly, the cards had gone against him until he found himself in debt to each of his companions.

"Confound my luck!" he cried at last, throwing down his cards. "I'll play no more."

"Don't give up," said Ewing. "The luck will turn."

"Yes," growled Delmore; "but, as I already owe you some £150, I think it is time to stop."

"One hundred and fifty pounds ten shillings is your total, Ewing?" he asked, when he had satisfied his other creditors.

"Yes. But, really, my dear Delmore, there's no need to give me a cheque now."

"Go along, you old hypocrite. You're simply longing to be able to finger the flimsies."

Ewing laughed pleasantly.

"There you are, you old robber," said Delmore. "I hope to have my revenge before long."

II.

Some few hours later Captain Charles Ewing was lazily reading a morning paper in his rooms at the Grosvenor Hotel, when a waiter brought a card bearing the name "Gilbert Delmore."

"All right; say I'll see him in a moment."

"Delmore—that's the man I won the £150 from last night," he said to himself. "Wonder what's up? Suppose he wants me to hold his cheque over for a few days."

Now Captain Charles Ewing was one of those gentry who are conveniently described as "living by their wits."

Inheriting a substantial legacy on attaining his majority, he had gone the pace as long as the money lasted. Compelled then to resign his commission, he had turned for a living to cards and the shady side of the turf. Here he found that his late connection with the Army and his title of captain (which he still traded upon) gave him very considerable assistance; but, notwithstanding, he occasionally found himself too near the stage of being hard up to be pleasant. Just at this time the Captain was nearer that stage than he had ever been before, and Delmore's cheque could not have come at a more opportune moment.

"Well," he mused, as he prepared to descend, "if the beggar wants time, he can't have it. That's final."

He hesitated as he reached the door of his sitting-room, but finally with a shrug of his shoulders, he walked in.

"Good morning, Delmore," he began, only to stop in amazement. This was not what he had expected to see. Instead of a penitent young Delmore, he found himself confronted by a wonderfully charming vision.

Standing by the fire was a tall, beautiful girl, slenderly built, with a pretty, oval face, bright brown hair, and the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen in his life. She stood in a delightfully questioning, bashful manner.

The Captain recovered his composure and bowed.

"I—I expected a friend of mine—Mr. Gilbert Delmore."

"Yes," replied the lady. "I came to see you about Gilbert—I mean, about Mr. Delmore."

"Please take a seat," said the Captain, all politeness.

"You won a large sum of money from Gil—from Mr. Delmore last night?" questioned the lady.

"That is so. You see, we rather lost control of ourselves and played recklessly."

"And the amount was £150?"

"It was, madam. I had the luck, you see. Some day I shall be the unfortunate one."

"And you received a cheque for the amount?"

"I did."

"Captain Ewing," said the lady, rising from her chair, "will you let me have that cheque? I will give you one of my own in exchange. I—I—the cheque is——" She stopped suddenly.

"You mean that the cheque is worthless?"

"Yes, that is what I mean," came the answer, with a sob. "Gilbert has no account at the National Commercial. The cheque is one from his father's book." She sank down on the chair again, and the Captain asked:—

"And are you a relation of Mr. Delmore's?"

"No. I—I—I am engaged to him."

The Captain replaced the cheque in his pocket-book.

"I am sorry, madam, but I shall keep this for the present."

"But don't you understand? It is worthless!" cried the lady.

"It is worthless, as you say, and yet it is valuable," replied the Captain, significantly. "Mr. Delmore's friends will, no doubt, like to buy this cheque as a curiosity."

"But I will buy it. I am wealthy. Surely you know me—at least, by name. I am the Hon. Beatrice Fortescue."

The Captain bowed. "I am honoured," he said.

"If I give you my cheque for £150 you will hand me Gilbert's in exchange?"

"I will not. I think Mr. Gilbert Delmore or his friends would pay a larger sum than that rather than have the history of a worthless cheque made public to the world."

The lady stamped her foot in anger.

"Sir!" she cried, indignation and disgust in her voice.

She stopped. Little clouds had formed over her eyes, and now they changed into tears. There they stood for a moment like water in an over-full glass held by a sort of surface tension. Then they ran slowly over.

The Captain stood watching her with something like pity upon his hard face. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but the words died upon his lips.

"And—and—what will you take for that—that cheque?" said the lady, between her sobs.

"Madam," replied the Captain, "I am sorry to appear hard and unfeeling. Nay, I am ashamed of my conduct. But I am placed in a position whereby I see the means of making money, and, if you will pardon my rudeness, to make money is my chief aim in life. This is a serious matter, my lady—more serious than perhaps you imagine or understand. I played with Mr. Delmore, believing him to be an honourable gentleman. Had I lost I should have paid my losses, and, of course, I expected him to do the same."

"Yes," admitted the lady, "that was only fair, I suppose."

"And," continued the Captain, "the luck chanced to smile upon me. I won a sum of money, fairly large, but really not more than I have myself lost before. I received a cheque from Mr. Delmore for my winnings. Now I find that the cheque is forged—is worthless. Of course, you offer me its equivalent; but I think that I can command a bonus. At least I am going to try."

"And what do you mean by a bonus? What do you intend to do? What will you take for the cheque?"

"I will hand the cheque to you for £250."

"Oh!" sobbed the lady. "£250!"

"And very reasonable," commented the Captain. "Had Mr. Delmore not had such a charming advocate, I should have declined for anything under £300."

"And if I refuse to give you that sum?"

"In that case, my lady, I must bid you 'good day.'"

"Very well. I agree, on one condition. I will give you my cheque for £250 if you will promise not to present it to my bankers before to-morrow."

The Captain smiled grimly. "I agree to that," he said, as the lady wrote out a cheque for £250.

The Captain carefully blotted the signature, produced Delmore's cheque and handed it over.

III.

Justly elated with the financial results of this morning's interview, the Captain had an excellent day at the races, returning to town and wending his way to the club.

"Of course," he mused, "that young scamp won't turn up again. I expect he's been in hot water to-day. 'Pon my word, she's a good deal too good for him!"

Thus soliloquised the Captain. Judge of his surprise when the first person he encountered was young Delmore.

"Captain," he cried. "I'm going to win that £150 back."

"Indeed!" said the Captain. "Wish you luck." "The young scamp hasn't been through the mill yet, I suppose," he muttered to himself. "It will never do for me to take a second forged cheque."

With these thoughts flitting through his mind, the Captain sat down to play. Once more the luck fluctuated. Yet, as the play went on, Delmore's luck seemed to desert him again, and he finally rose the loser of some fifty-two pounds.

As before, he began to write cheques for his losses.

"Pardon me, Gilbert, old man. I don't—that is, I'd rather have the money in cash."

"What do you mean?" demanded Delmore. "When did you have the slightest trouble with a cheque of mine?"

"Never, my dear boy. But I don't like cheques. Besides, I've seen your—you understand."

"I'm hanged if I do!" cried Delmore. "And I want to know what you mean by this talk. I demand to know."

"Very well," continued the Captain, "I had an interview with your—your future wife this morning."

"What!" shouted Delmore, jumping from his chair.

"Yes," rejoined Captain calmly.

Delmore laughed. "Then you must have been to Cairo and back in less than record time. By flying machine, I suppose. You're under a misapprehension, Captain."

The Captain had collapsed upon his chair. Then he laughed hysterically and managed to recover his composure.

"How foolish I am. Of course. Awfully sorry, old chap. I've made a shocking fool of myself."

"It was your luck last night, Captain," said Delmore.

"Yes," replied the Captain, forcing a smile. "I won't give myself away again in such a manner."

He took the cheque and soon departed. He spent a sleepless night, and awaited impatiently for the bank to open in the morning. Then he presented the lady's cheque, and was soon informed that no person of the name of "Beatrice Fortescue" had an account. Returning to his hotel, he found an envelope awaiting him.

It contained a photograph of the charming lady who had almost moved him to pity the preceding morning. On the back was written: "'To the victor the spoils.' With the compliments of William, late waiter at the Club."

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"Rambling Recollections." By Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. (London: Macmillan. 1908. 2 vols. Price 30s. net.)

Sir Henry Wolff had so many things to recollect that even a moderately judicious selection must have aroused considerable interest. If I held a brief for him, I could select a few isolated stories, which might raise a fleeting smile, and leave my readers to suppose that the whole of these two fat volumes were a treasure-house of wit and wisdom. But that would be disingenuous. I can congratulate him upon his reticence on the subject of the Fourth Party, which has already been exhausted in Mr. Churchill's wonderful book and caricatured by Mr. Harold Gorst. I fully expected that Sir Henry would lay claim to the foundation, conduct, management, and success of the Fourth Party. I can also compliment him upon the good nature which oozes out at every pore. There is not a disagreeable word in the whole of his work. But most of his anecdotes are hoary with age, and the greater part of his narrative is little more than a catalogue of names. This is the kind of thing:

A lady who used to give a good many dinners was also very kind to me—Lady Robert Seymour. I think she was by birth Miss Chetwynd, and a near relative of Miss Chetwynd-Stapleton, who formed part of a wonderful group of unmarried ladies with whom I was somewhat intimate. The others were the Misses Lemon, who lived in a small house in Upper Brook Street; they were sisters of Sir Charles Lemon, member, I think, for Cornwall, and also of an old lady—Lady de Dunstanville. The two Misses Southey—daughters of the celebrated poet—were friends of mine, as were also the Misses Finch, whom I knew very well, and who lived in Charles Street, and gave dinners. There I met Mr. Godley, so distinguished in Colonial matters; and at the house of Mrs. Butt—a lady who lived very much in literary circles—I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Marsh, author of *Amelia Wyndham,* and of Miss Agnes Strickland, the historian. At Mrs. Butt's I also saw more than once Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet. I never, however, had the opportunity of speaking to him. . . . I knew well a lady called Miss Smyth, who was a relative of the Duchess of Grafton, and sister of a well-known man named Smyth, of Heath Hall, Wakefield, near which town lived another friend of mine.

And so on and so on. Who among us has not at some time or other met a garrulous old man at a dinner party, and listened to him droning out lists of names in this melancholy way? By straining our good nature and putting a curb upon our natural inclination to yawn, we may stand this kind of twaddle for an hour or two over the port, though we may perhaps relieve our feelings by a nudge or a smile when we are told for the forty-fourth time how Miss Smyth was met once upon a time, and how she was the sister of the well-known Mr. Smyth of Wakefield. But to have this form of torture spread over two thick volumes is more than even Job could endure with equanimity. Sometimes it would almost appear as though poor Sir Henry had lost his mind as well as his sense of proportion. He tells us at great length how we may predict the future by making a number of dots on a piece of paper, or by juggling with figures and consulting the "Wheel of Pythagoras."

However, here and there, at long intervals, there are a few scattered anecdotes which are just worth smiling over. One day Sir Henry called upon a whip, who seemed to be very anxious about the dangerous illness of a member of Parliament. "Poor Jack," he said, "I am very anxious about him. He only got in by seven votes."

Someone was discussing a member of the Government who had been a great failure, and he remarked, "They want to make him a Peer." Mr. Lowe corrected this suggestion, "No, they want to make him disappear."

A young gentleman who had run away with a girl to Gretna Green met one of her relatives on his way home, and said, "I am afraid you look upon me as a bad villain." The other replied, "Oh no, only a d—d fool."

A distiller said to Magee, "The Lord be with you." The Archbishop immediately replied, "And with thy spirit."

The Mayor of Hayti, "who was deep black," said to a missionary, "It is all very well for you to speak in this way, as a cold-blooded Anglo-Saxon; but it is very different with us of the Latin race."

When a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Lady Normanby said, "Now there are not two incomprehensibles but three incomprehensibles."

Trunks in Italian are *bauli,* so Sismondi, staying with friends in Devonshire, was heard to call out, "Will you bring up my luggage and my small bowels?"

Inquiring about the nationality of a man with a foreign accent, Sir Henry was told, "They say he is a Hungarian; but my belief is that he is a gallant gay Lutheran." The

A HIRE SYSTEM
THAT IS
NOT THE HIRE SYSTEM.

(New Departure by West End Furnishers.)

Many readers of JOHN BULL have a wrong idea of the hire system begotten undoubtedly from the practices of firms who, in the past, have claimed to supply furniture on this system. This is hardly to be wondered at when the class of goods sold is compared with the extortionate prices charged. It is an admitted fact that most of the furniture so disposed of has been of the most shoddy description, ugly, lacking the very essentials of good artistic workmanship; in fact, simply manufactured with the one idea of making the most possible profit with the least possible outlay.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have, however, stepped into the arena, and have intimated that they will supply any article exposed for sale in their giant warehouse on an equitable plan of furnishing, payment to be made by monthly instalments according to present income.

Surely here is an opportunity that has hitherto been denied the average man of moderate means. Everyone can, according to the elaborate arrangements made by Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, purchase the very best and most exquisite examples of high-class furniture made, on easy terms.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander desire it to be widely known that although the easy payment system has been adopted by them in connection with their business, they must not be looked upon as an ordinary hire-furnishing establishment. This is only reasonable, seeing that the bulk of their business will still be conducted as formerly on the ordinary cash basis; in fact, the principals compute that even if their expectations as to the new system be realised, 80 per cent. of their business will still remain on the cash basis.

THE SYSTEM EXPLAINED.

Readers will naturally ask how do Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander recoup themselves for the outlay of such a system. First, then, it is hoped that the enormously increased sales which are confidently anticipated from the institution of this generous system will justify the expenditure. There will be a charge of only 5 per cent. extra on all purchases on the instalment system over the actual cash prices charged in the past. These prices are always marked in plain figures on all goods exposed for sale in the windows and show-rooms of their gigantic warehouse in Tottenham Court Road. It should, however, be pointed out that this 5 per cent. is not 5 per cent. per annum, but a 5 per cent. addition on the actual cash purchase price; thus a purchaser who has bought £100 worth of furniture at cash prices would have to pay only £105 on the instalment plan even if the instalments extended over a period of two or three years. A wholesome belief in the honesty of the buying public has been justified by past experience, and there is no reason to suppose that that experience will vary in the future.

The 5 per cent. difference is purely nominal, and in no way looked upon as extra profit, which, indeed, it is not; their whole idea is to extend their usefulness and enable a large majority of those who were previously unable to obtain really high-class furniture to now do so. The bulk of their trade will be carried on as formerly, with the moneyed and influential class of customer to whom their goods appeal, and to whom the matter of payment is a secondary consideration when real satisfaction is offered, such as buyers can always expect who have dealings with Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander.

ATTENTION AND ADVICE.

Anyone desiring advice in the selection of artistic furniture cannot do better than communicate with Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander. A large staff of experts is always available, and a special representative is instructed to wait on such enquirers. This practice will also be extended to the easy-payment department of their business. This is a distinct advantage, as in many cases greater satisfaction to the purchaser is assured by the help and experienced advice given by Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, who, from their unique experience in the furnishing business, are able to advise intending purchasers on just the best and most profitable way of laying out the money at the disposal of the customer.

Every attention is guaranteed to the provincial customer, no matter how small the transaction may be, the same attention is extended. A purchaser of £20 worth will have the goods packed in Tottenham Court Road, and unpacked at the customer's own address just the same as the £1,000 customer.

An invitation to visit the show-rooms, 252 to 256, Tottenham Court Road, is cordially extended. There is no undue pushing of sales, the visitor is courteously shown over the premises, and any information desired is willingly imparted; in fact, readers of JOHN BULL are strongly advised to find time to visit this really wonderful collection of artistic and useful furniture when in this district; such a visit would amply repay the time spent in these elegant show-rooms. If, however, such a visit be inconvenient, an interesting catalogue will be sent on application, beautifully illustrated, and free of charge, fully describing this new departure in house furnishing. Readers should mention JOHN BULL when making such application, when communications will receive prompt attention.—[ADVT.]

same man, seeing someone who had pink eyes and white hair, remarked, "I do not know him; but he is a regular Albanian."

A young barrister, having with great difficulty obtained his first brief, proceeded to read a speech, which began as follows: "My Lord and gentlemen of the jury,—I swear to Heaven that if I had known on my arrival in Court this morning that I was to be charged with so important a case, nothing would have induced me to undertake the task."

Baron Bramwell, when presiding over the circuit in Wales, allowed a barrister to address the jury in Welsh. The barrister, not knowing that the judge had provided himself with an interpreter, concluded his speech as follows: "What I tell you is truth and justice. And," pointing to Baron Bramwell, "when that old man in a wig tells you anything to the contrary, you must believe me and not believe him."

Everything about Disraeli is interesting, so I must not omit a reference to him. Sir Henry having remarked, "I suppose that some day, in the ordinary course of things, you will be Prime Minister," he answered, "In the extraordinary course of things."

Now I think I have skimmed all the cream from these two volumes, which have already occupied my attention too long.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Pirate at the Halls.

I agree entirely with Mr. Harry Lauder that it is about time a strong move was made toward the suppression of the music-hall pirate. Piracy is theft, from whatever point we may look at it, and it is as mean to pick a man's brains behind his back (I am not really Irish, and you know what I mean) as to rifle his pockets or forge his name. To some extent the evil of music piracy has been dealt with by law, although a furtive trade in badly-printed copies of copyright songs is conducted still o' nights in dark corners of the town. The music-hall pirate, who is as often as not a foreigner, is impudent in his robbery. Frequently he calls himself an "imitator" or an "impersonator," or some other thing; but always he is a low rascal. There is such small excuse for him, too; because if he has any pretence to ability, most of the "stars" in the business will give him permission to "imitate" them openly, and be flattered by the commercial admiration conveyed in the request. As Mr. Lauder says, the man who can imitate anyone else successfully ought to have enough skill to imitate himself—which, when you come to think of it, is an equally meritorious way of earning a livelihood—and he is a fool merely to imitate.

The Vile Imitator.

The pirate, as a matter of fact, robs because he is a crook chiefly, but partly because as a rule he is so hopeless alike in initiation and imitation that no one would hire him as an original artist, and no self-respecting artist would allow him to pretend to imitate that artist. The evil is one of many that threaten the sustained popularity of the halls, no less than they tend to injure the immediate interest of the artist. If managers were all honest, and desirous of suppressing the vile vocal imitation, they could do so in a month. All that is needful is that the wouldbe imitator should produce a written authorisation from the artist imitated before being allowed to sing his song. If the managers will not do this (and Mr. Bransby Williams says they hire imitators at a third the price of originators), the artists themselves must attend to it. I confess that on the broader issue of how to protect effectively one's own ideas in acrobatics, jugglery, and the like—in which directions I have been asked for my advice—I do not see so easy a remedy. Indeed, I see no remedy except the eventual organisation of a system of wide-spread supervision and detection, supported if necessary by the social and professional boycott of the offender. And that is not within the sphere of practical politics just yet; although it may come there earlier than many imagine who know the amusement world only from the outside.

The Hat at the Play.

We seem to be getting over the matinée hat habit in London in fairly decorous fashion. At most of the West End theatres now one can see some of the players, as well as hear odd words spoken by them for at least half an hour out of the three hours' traffic on Wednesday afternoons; and at one or two of the theatres the whole stage is visible all the time—except when the matinée is an affair of real or supposed "charity." In Paris, too, they are getting on, although there it is a slower progress. Formerly a Frenchman resented the hat in front of him he went out and hired another and a bigger and more offensive hat, and a lady to uphold it, and put her in a seat (if there was one) in front of the lady who annoyed him; or he said "Sacre bleu" many times under his breath. Recently there were minor assaults at several theatres, but now the matter is to be settled by Municipal Ordinance.

P.

A LONDON CLERK

Depression, Lassitude, Neuralgia, Influenza—

Thousands of men are waiting and watching *to step into other men's shoes* if they get the *least* chance to shoulder someone out of his position. These thousands can do the *same work* as the breadwinner, do it as well and perhaps better, and should his energy flag ever so little, or should he become *less capable*, or be forced by ill health to lay aside his work temporarily, then down swoop all these watchful rivals and snatch his occupation from him. Only when the breadwinner has *energy* to work *contiently*, to make each day's toil *as good as any he has ever done*, only then can he be assured of earning a regular livelihood; and because he acquired that *energy* and peace of mind, Mr. William Potter, a London clerk, tells us that when he was suffering from depression, lassitude and nerve disorders, he was saved from the haunting dread of unemployment by the *energy* and *vitality* he derived from Phosferine.

Defeated with greatest ease.

Mr. Wm. J. Potter, 2, Bradstock Rd., South Hackney, N. E., writes:—"I have been in the habit of taking Phosferine for some years past whenever I needed a tonic. I first purchased a 2/9 bottle in April, 1901, and then derived so much benefit, both mentally and physically, from taking it, that I have continued to use it almost regularly ever since. I generally get through 5 or 6 bottles in a year, and although many people might think this excessive expenditure on medicine out of an income of about £100 a year on the part of a married man, I can assure you I have always considered the money well spent as an Insurance on my Health, which is returned to me a hundredfold by maintaining my *wage earning ability*. Phosferine not only raises my spirits under sometimes adverse circumstances, but I am able to do my work, that of a clerk, much better for it. Years ago I used to suffer terribly from Depression, Lassitude, Influenza, and Neuralgia, especially in the Spring, which always proved a trying time, but since taking Phosferine these troubles do not assail me, and if threatened a course of the medicine makes me as well as ever." —May 5, 1908.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Indigestion	Nervous Headaches
Rheumatism	Premature Decay	Maternity Weakness
Brain-fag	Anæmia	Spring Disorders.
	Sleeplessness	

PHOSFERINE PREVENTS COLDS AND INFLUENZA, and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands To the Royal Family

H.I.M. the Empress of Russia | H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania | H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.M. the Emperor of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE STORES UP ENERGY.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size

THE WRONG MAN; OR, PRIVATE COLES ON BARMAIDS.

By C. S. JARVIS.

"'Eard the latest, Coley?" said Tisher, breathlessly, as he flung himself on to a form in the canteen. "They're going to abolish barmaids."

"Strewth! There's no end to this Government," said Private Coles. "They've got a perfect craze for doing away with things. The only hope I've got is that one day they'll make a mistake and do away with theirselves.

"Well, of all the durned silly ideas this takes the cake, and what good is it going to do? I suppose they think that a barmaid ain't got the pluck to tell a chap that 'e's the worse for drink and refuse to serve 'im, but that's all my eye. If a barman or a landlord ses I'm tight, I always ups and dots 'im one on top of the nose with a pint pot, and returns to barricks with my clothes tore to ribbons and the picquet 'anging on to odd corners of me. But, if a golden 'aired barmaid ses as 'ow I'm drunk, I always ses, 'You know best, miss,' and return to barricks on my feet, calling myself seven different sorts o' fools, and thinking of my mother.

"I 'ad a good turn done me by a barmaid once. We was stationed at Portland at the time, and Clara used to serve behind the bar of one of the snuggest little pubs it was ever my good fortune to run up against. I used to be in there pretty nearly every day with my elbows in two pools o' beer, and sipping mild-and-bitter while I gazed into 'er eyes—like poitry, ain't it? 'Owever, I wasn't the only bloke in the crush after 'er, for Sergeant Owen 'ad hung his 'at up there, but she favoured me most, and that's where the trouble come in.

"One evening, when I was sipping my drop o' turps, she whispers in my ear: 'Mind what you're doing to-night, 'Arry,' ses she. 'I 'eard Sergeant Owen talking to the Provost Sergeant this afternoon, and, if 'e asks you to 'ave a few drinks, take care not to take too much.'

"Afore I could ask 'er what it meant, Sergeant Owen come in, and ses, 'Ullo, Coles, taken root 'ere again,' ses 'e. 'What are you going to 'ave?'

"'Mild and bitter,' ses I. 'Same as usual.'

"'Mild and bitter be blowed!' ses 'e. ''Ave a whisky?'

"So I 'ad a whisky, and no sooner 'ad I finished that than 'e asked me to 'ave another, which struck me as strange coming as it did from him. 'Owever, it was no good refusing, so I 'ad another, the best part o' which I poured into the fern-pot, as the first sip didn't taste quite right. Directly 'e saw my glass empty 'e asked me to 'ave another, and this time I saw 'im put something out of a small bottle into my whisky.

"'Ullo,' ses I to meself, 'so that's your game, is it?' and, while 'e was chewing the rag to Clara about 'er eyes being brighter than the stars, I gave him my glass. In a few minutes 'e was so drunk that 'e couldn't tell 'is right 'and from 'is left.

"'What's this 'ere little game?' ses I to Clara.

"'Why,' ses she, 'this afternoon I 'eard 'im tell the Provost Sergeant in a whisper that you left this 'ouse blind to the world every night at a quarter to ten, and that if 'e and his men 'appened to be round about that time there would be a little job for them.'

"'The low 'ound!' ses I. I've never done 'im any harm, so why should 'e try to get me pinched?'

"'Oh,' ses she, 'perhaps it was because I preferred someone to him. Never you mind,' ses she. 'Look at the time. It's just a quarter to ten. Sergeant Owen, will you change overcoats with Corporal Coles?'

"'Cert'nly, me dear,' ses 'e. 'Ere, youngster, gimme your coat afore I knock your two eyes into one.'

"With a little 'elp we managed to get 'is overcoat off for 'im, and put mine on instead, and then Clara ses: 'Will you go out and see if it's raining, Sergeant Owen, dear?'

"'No, cheese that,' ses I. "I don't want 'im to be pinched, whatever he's done. Come 'ere, Sergeant Owen,' ses I. 'You don't want to go outside.'

"'If you want your blooming nose knocked all over your face,' ses 'e, 'you're going the right way about it,' and 'e pushed past me and staggered out.

"Next moment I 'eard the Provost Sergeant say: 'Collar that man, 'e's as drunk as a lord.' And that was the end of Sergeant Owen—'e was a private next time I saw 'im!"

The Complete Enjoyment of the Pipe

is for those who are fortunate enough to find the right tobacco for their palate—the one that just suits their taste in strength, fragrance, and coolness, and in that subtle quality—so difficult to define, but so easily recognised by the pipe smoker, and so very essential—called flavour.

In one of these three you will find the tobacco you want—the one tobacco that will give you more complete enjoyment than any other. They are exceptionally cool and alike in all good qualities, differing only in strength.

CHAIRMAN (MEDIUM)
BOARDMAN'S (MILD)
RECORDER (FULL)

All good-class tobacconists supply them at 5½d. per oz.

R. J. LEA,
45, Market Street,
MANCHESTER.

Q4

THE WAR OF THE "WIRES."

IS THE DEVELOPMENT OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY BEING BLOCKED?

On December 14th, 1907, we stated that the electrical world was beginning to feel somewhat ashamed of itself because so little progress had been made in the art of wireless telegraphy, and we ascribed this tardiness to the exaggerated achievements that have been placed to the credit of the Marconi, the principal system, by its agents in the public press. As the company have just published their balance-sheet, and appealed for fresh capital to the tune of £250,000, the moment is opportune for returning to the subject, as we promised we would do.

It is contended that wireless telegraphy would have come into more general use long ago but that it had been difficult for any company, outside the Marconi, to obtain permits for commercial operations. Here is the record of a rival company which will explain the situation.

Great Britain.—Application for working granted in the middle of 1907, too late to permit the erection of stations during that year.

France, Spain, Australia, New Zealand.—No reply.

Newfoundland.—Rejected because an exclusive license has been given to Mr. Marconi for ten years.

Sable Island.—Applied for in 1902. Later, monopoly given to Mr. Marconi.

Bermuda.—Applied for several times since 1903, backed by petitions signed by the principal merchants, but refused.

Jamaica and other West Indian Islands.—Refused.

Brazil.—Stations erected and worked successfully experimentally, but permit for commerical working refused.

Cuba.—Granted on condition the company should purchase land and erect stations, the tolls for messages and taxes to be determined by the Cuban Government.

For some strange reason the various Governments seem to have put their heads together with the idea of keeping competition altogether out of the field. It is not contended that the influence of Mr. Marconi, or the length of his purse, has brought about this result, but it is all too certain that the publication in the press of exaggerated and untrue reports as to results obtained by the Marconi system has led to a general incredulity as to anyone else being able to accomplish anything at all. In the electrical world, of course, this is known to be sheer nonsense, for there are companies ready and willing to equal, if not surpass, all that has yet been achieved. This general disbelief in anyone but Mr. Marconi has distinctly hindered the progress of the art, and the world to-day is poorer than it ought to be.

For proofs of the exaggerated statements in the press, we are indebted to a recent correspondence between Professor R. A. Fessenden and the managing director of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. (Ltd.), in the columns of the *Electrician*. To begin with, the professor points out that not 14,000 words, as the newspapers stated, but 1,400 were transmitted across the Atlantic on the memorable Friday, October 18th, and as he happened to "tap the wires," he is able to seriously question the assertion that the experiment was a success. A large number of messages had to be repeated many times, and as to the statement that twenty words a minute were sent, the actual rate was three words a minute, or, counting repetitions as original messages, seven words a minute. Considering that two years before wireless messages were transmitted across the Atlantic at the rate of twenty-five words a minute at night time this was not a marvellous achievement. No method of secret sending was used in the Marconi experiments, and if no "code" is to be adopted in the future commercial men will not take kindly to the system. If it is, the difficulties will be immensely increased.

Concerning the famous message from President Roosevelt to King Edward, in January, 1903, by "wireless," it is now hinted that it was previously transmitted by cable, and this rather spoils the glowing stories that were dished up at the time. Mr. Cuthbert Hall, the then managing director, denies this—and yet admits that something went wrong with the "wireless" apparatus. We do not care to enter into the controversies of two electrical experts, but as common-sense persons, after hearing both sides, we must come frankly to the conclusion that the President's message by a "perfect system of wireless telegraphy" found good friends in the submarine cables.

The answer, on behalf of the company, is that a system of telegraphy is not to be judged by isolated and special messages. All right-thinking persons will agree. The point is that the public were informed that everything went without a hitch on that day, and we have never seen a paragraph saying that anything has gone wrong since. According to the press the Marconi Co., long before it was practically tested, was the acme of perfection. Is it not an exaggerated claim to put forth? For Mr. Marconi and his brilliant discoveries the highest honours are hardly high enough, but it is straining our intelligence too far to ask us to agree that to his keeping alone has been entrusted the most stupendous revelation of modern times.

Liver Complaint and Indigestion.

In all cases of chronic or neglected Indigestion the Liver also becomes involved in the mischief. It is functionally deranged, and if this be not speedily rectified Organic Disease may be set up.

The Symptoms of a Disordered Liver are: Flatulence; Constipation; foul, yellowish Tongue, offensive Breath; dull, heavy Pain in the Right Side, shooting up the Back and between the Shoulder Blades; intense Headache; sallow Complexion; dry, hot Skin; disturbed Sleep; much Nervous Irritation; with great Prostration and Debility.

For the speedy relief of each and all of the Symptoms of Indigestion and Liver Complaint, remember that Guy's Tonic is the Remedy to be depended. It has cured thousands of sufferers, and in no one instance has it been known to fail. Take Guy's Tonic to-day, and prove the excellence of this invaluable medicine.

A Victim to Liver Complaint completely cured by Guy's Tonic

Mr. J. J. Hill, of Alexandra Street, Gt. Horton, Bradford, writes:

"I must sincerely thank you for the benefit I have derived from Guy's Tonic. For years I have been a victim to all the Symptoms of a Sluggish Liver. I tried everything that was recommended to me, but without any satisfactory result. At last I decided to give Guy's Tonic a trial. I purchased a bottle, and after taking it for a few days felt great improvement in my health. I cannot speak too highly of Guy's Tonic, and shall certainly recommend it to my Friends."

Guy's Tonic is widely recommended by Medical Men, and is the most largely sold Tonic-Digestive Remedy in the World. Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/1½ per bottle (Family size 2/9).

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page 557.

THE SEMI-CIVILISED ARYAN.

By GEORGE CECIL.

The untravelled Briton who only has rubbed shoulders with the Rajahs and Maharajahs in the Park, at Hurlingham, and in London drawing-rooms, is impressed by the (apparently) ready way in which the Asiatic reconciles himself to the customs and habits of civilisation. The "educated native" delegates to his knife and fork the functions assigned to these implements, spearing peas as deftly as any Duke; his clothes convey a much-needed hint to the exiled Anglo-Indian, and he smokes the best cigars, refusing American cigarettes. His conversation suggests that he is well informed on the topics which prevail in the social circles to which he is admitted, and he has "been everywhere and done everything." Yet, he is but half civilised; surround him with his own people, and his acquired civilisation does not take long to vanish.

Providence has never intended Aryans to take kindly to European customs. They may manfully struggle with trousers—or toques, fringe nets—or fur coats, and they will sit bolt upright on a dining-room chair three times a day. But in his heart of hearts the person from the East is ill at ease; he would give a sackful of rupees to find himself again wearing a *dhoti* (waistcloth) and eating *dhel-bat* (curry and rice), while he squats, monkey-like, on the floor. The Japanese lady invariably curses the Western corsets which lend grace to her figure, and the boots which her husband wears at a *Levée* are a penance to him. His wife would rather rest her head on the little wooden stool to which she is accustomed than on the downiest of pillows, and her lord, in spite of the civilisation with which ignorant scribes credit him, is as ready to commit *hari-kari* as were his most remote ancestors. You may present the potentate from the East with the Freedom of the City, but he would prefer having a musical box to play with, and a Jam of Jamnugger or the Emperor of China finds no genuine enjoyment in the pleasures which delight their hosts. Briefly, the Aryan, be he heathen Chinee merchant millionaire, the best native polo player in India, or sucking Rajah from Eton and Christ Church, *cannot* eliminate that which is "bred in the bone."

Recently, the Amir was being feted on his triumphal tour from Kabul to Bombay, and the spectators were (according to the reports which reached this country, *via* newspaper offices) loud in praise of his enlightenment. We were given to understand that he wears English clothes, and that his habits and observances are more European than Afghan. As a matter of fact, of all the Eastern potentates who have mixed with white people, the Amir probably is the least civilised. He still allows malefactors to be horribly maimed and tortured; persons who incur his wrath are hoisted in iron cages and left to die of starvation and exposure; and his capital is almost as mean and dirty as the poorest Indian bazaar. In this connection it is said that he contemplates building another Kabul, with all the latest sanitary improvements, and that his Indian tour has been partly undertaken with this end in view. Anglo-Indian gossip has it that the Amir is to make an exhaustive study of India's Government buildings, and that he intends to commandeer the services of every bricklayer and carpenter in his kingdom. He is infinitely more likely to visit with his displeasure the first sanitary engineer who is brave enough to approach him upon the subject. An Afgan royalty will, as a special concession to his British entertainers, refrain from eating with his fingers, but his Oriental mind revolts against clean surroundings. Though Habib Ullah may bring home with him a bundle of architects' and builders' plans, he probably will attach more importance to the clock-work toys and pictures torn from the English illustrated papers, of which the coloured traveller possesses himself. He also may acquire an added veneer of civilisation—which, however, is unlikely to wear well.

Hotel-keepers who succeed in getting paid by Rajahs and Eastern visitors to these credulous shores silently bless the dark stranger. They contend that intercourse with his white brother enables the native to govern according to the dictates of civilisation. The only result of the native prince's periodical absences is that he drains his State of rupees which might with greater advantage be employed in liquidating his Indian debts.

2 million men Gilletted this morning—for that is the number of Gillette Safety Razors in use.

The acme of comfort of a new shave is only to be obtained by the use of a Gillette Safety Razor. It passes over the skin with a caressing touch leaving it soft and smooth as velvet.

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The Gillette Razor is supplied with 12 blades; the Gillette blade is a thin sheet of highly tempered steel with two exceedingly keen cutting edges.

Each edge will retain its keenness for a week or more though used on the most stubborn beard.

The distinguishing feature of the Gillette is the holder which curves the blade in semi-circular form, and which is fully protected by patents.

Sold by all up-to-date chemists, cutlers, ironmongers, stores, silversmiths, hairdressers and leather goods dealers. Heavily silver-plated in a leather, velvet-lined, case with 12 double-edge paper-thin blades, 21/-; extra blades in packets of 10, 2/6, and each blade good for 5 to 40 velvet shaves.

GILLETTE Safety Razor Co 17 Holborn Viaduct LONDON E C

"RUSH! IMPORTANT!!"

(From the Diary of a Modern Editor.)

12 Noon.—Arrive at the office and read "evening" papers. Nothing in them (they're dull rags) except report of speech of Buelow. Wastepaper basket for the lot. Not worth cribbing. My readers wouldn't stand speech by Buelow. Too dry.

1 p.m.—Lunch with Turncot, of the *Daily Quickfire*. Find him in sober mood. He is wondering whether it might not pay him better to go over to the other political party. His fourteenth change, if he does. Smart man, Turncot; made money by every change. But to-day's vacillation obviously mere dyspepsia. Benedictine puts him right. Decides not to alter policy of his paper for a week at any rate.

3 p.m.—Back at office. Some telegrams to look at, now. Long despatch from Reuter in India, describing spread of famine. Rot. Wastepaper basket. What do my readers care about stupid old famine?

4 p.m.—Wire from Buda Pesth correspondent to say that a three-legged frog has been discovered in Lake Balaton. Good stuff. Give it half a column. Send it down to printers, marking it "Rush!" *Mem.* Ascertain where Lake Balaton is, and get sketch-map drawn with cross indicating spot where frog might have been discovered. Despatch prepaid-reply wires to Dr. Saleeby Oliver Lodge, and Emil Reich, asking for views (not to exceed two hundred words) on whether three-legged frog represents new step in evolution. Headline: "NATURE INVENTS TRIPEDS."

5 p.m.—Examine photographs for magazine page. Our camera man has got splendid picture of Mr. Asquith kissing his heir. Reproduce half-page size, and engage special train to take stereos of same to the provinces for simultaneous appearance in two dozen country organs.

6 p.m.—Discover that there is really nothing to put in paper, after some reports of Tariff speeches. Readers sick of Tariff. Likewise sick of Free Trade, so what is a fellow to do? Think out idea for Boom suitable for posters.

7 p.m.—Got idea. Start discussion on "Are Fair Girls Fickle?" Grand Notion. Two-thirds of the women of this country are fair, so interest will be universal. The more readers we offend the better, as we'll mollify them by saying to-morrow that what we said to-day was wrong. Meanwhile, call in young Hussel to write leader proving conclusively that Fair Girls *are* Fickle.

7.30 p.m.—Hussel's leader in hand. Good stuff. Send to printers, marked "Rush! Important!" Also send wires (prepaid replies up to twelve words) asking opinion on the subject from Marie Corelli, Rita, Hall Cane, Dr. Clifford, the Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Andrew Wilson, Zena Dare, Lafayette, the thrice-hanged man, Mrs. Eddy, and the Editress of *Home Chat*. *Mem.* Only prepay twelve words. They'll have to fork out for anything further that they've got to say.

8 p.m.—Telephone reply from Marie Corelli. Tell off shorthand operator to take it down. A good column. Send to printers, marked "Rush! Very important!!"

8.30 p.m. A thousand words from Hall Caine. ("Blow the expense!"—Greeba motto.) Send to printers, marked "Rush! *Very* Important!!"

8.45 p.m.—Postscript telegram from Hall Caine: "Photo to follow, on Korn apparatus." This will cost us a fiver or more. Never mind; it's good stuff.

9 p.m.—Long message from Morocco, describing slaughter of French outposts by surprise. Important politically. No good to us. Give it to young Hussel to boil down to three lines, headed "French Funk."

9.15 p.m.—Replies received from Dr. Clifford, the Bishop, Zena Dare ("What a dreadful question, Mr. Editor!" etc.), and Lafayette. All have banged more than their saxpence. Good business. Another column filled. Send the whole batch to printers, marked "Rush! Very important!!"

9.20 p.m.—Wires from the remaining questionees: "Our price for contributions is three guineas per thousand words, prepaid." No go.

9.30 p.m.—Young Hussel, passing the tedious hours by dipping into old American Sunday papers, has discovered excellent story about Austrian Archduke, whose wife serves in a "dental parlour" in Chicago. Obvious fake. Clip it out, Anglicise, and send to printers, marked "Rush! Very important!!" Shall give this a column. Heading: "LYING LIPS AND FALSE TEETH: Special Interview with our own Correspondent. By Cable." In our next issue shall say, "The Archduke romance, exclusively announced by us yesterday, develops apace . . ." etc., etc. *Mem.* Get young Hussel to find out who the Archduke is. If he really exists, make him a Roumelian King, or something of that sort. Eastern European royalties are always safe running.

10 p.m—News arrives of failure of cotton crops. Thousands out of work and ruined. As our Lancashire circulation is rising, we'd better give it a par. Hand sheaf of wires to young Hussel to boil down.

10.30 p.m.—Special wire to say Winston Churchill is growing a moustache. Good for a column. Expand, and send to printers, marked "Rush! Very important!!" Get portrait, and instruct tame artist to draw a moustache on its upper lip. Reproduce half-page size.

11 p.m.—Making up paper. Five columns "Are Fair Girls Fickle?" subheaded "By the Greatest Authorities of the Age." Magnificent stuff, and cost next to nothing. Good business. Other columns full up with Hungarian frog, Winston's moustache, Asquith kissing heir, and a few jokes about L.C.C. trams.

11.30 p.m.—Confound the thing! Here's a cable from New York about Mrs. Thaw. She is going on the stage at a sacred concert. Must give space to this. Send to printers marked "Rush! *Very important!!*" Cut out two columns of Tariff and half a colum of "Are Fair Girls Fickle?" to make room for it.

11.45 p.m.—Dash it all! Another bunch of scoop matter at the last moment. The King drove his own motor a hundred yards on the Sandringham road, then stopped and spoke to a gardener's child and "smiled genially." Very important. Send to printers, marked "*Rush!!!*" Heading: "TOUCHING INCIDENT AT SANDRINGHAM." Subhead, "His Majesty's Exciting Adventure with Uncontrollable Motor." Interview with Gardener's Child (to be written by young Hussel). Throw down another two cols. of "Are Fair Girls Fickle?" to make room. Zena Dare and St. Asaph must go. Sorry, but it can't be helped. Keep Hall Caine, of course.

12 (midnight).—Put paper to bed. Happy thought for posters:—"KING IN PERIL. FAIR GIRLS TO BE ABOLISHED."

1 a.m.—First copy just off machines. Stunning! Two million readers will be educated and elevated seven hours hence. Who says English journalism is effete?

2 a.m.—Home. Sleep.

12 (noon).—Up and off to Fleet Street again. Giant refreshed. Have thought of glorious boom: A discussion on "Is the Country Becoming more Intellectual?" Hasten to office, and send down advance copy, marked "Rush!" By the bye, had no time to talk to my wife at home. Haven't seen her for more than five minutes for months. Pity. Pity. But I'm making money, anyway

THE LICENSING BILL.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, JUNIOR.

Good morrow, Double Aspirate!
Within thy prime called to be Prime Minister.
'Twere better, p'raps, to say "Good day,"
For I do trust thy day
Will bring no sorrow when the morrow dawns.
For 'tis by no means sure the Bill so bravely made
Will 'scape the slings and arrows of outrageous men.
A tricky word, I ween, made up of "li" and "cense."
Though in the fierce affray—
Both sides so intermixed—
No certain hand can tell the lie or sense.
This is thy cry to thirty thousand pubs.:
"Out, out, damned spots!"
Yet all the water from the temperance tanks
And all the milky diatribes
Will not quench Britain's thirst.
For to be dry is surely not a crime,
And openly to cool the parchèd tongue
With honest beer?
Oft we devise a scheme that meaneth good;
But striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?
See page 557.

£88,720 PAID TO CLIENTS.

See Chartered Accountants' Certificate.

There is no other Firm, Company, or Exchange in the United Kingdom which can produce such a certified record as we can. We do not make assertions without being able to prove them. We do not tell people how money makes money, how fortunes may be made, or how riches may be accumulated. "Acts, not words," is our motto. What we say is, "We *have made* tens of thousands of pounds for our clients, and at the present day are paying—not advertising agents, printers, friends, etc.—but genuine *bona-fide* speculating clients—between £600 and £800 a day. We have our cheque book counterfoils to show, and the original cheques paid through various banks or across the counter of our own bank. Once we obtain a client, he stays with us for all time. He knows that nowhere else can he reap profits so quickly, nowhere else can he be paid so promptly (within five minutes of making his profit), nowhere else can he receive such immediate and unremitting attention.

"I wish I had known of your Exchange before," is the digest of scores of letters received every day at our offices. Well, we still want more clients; hence this notice. We ought to have at least 100,000 regular dealing clients, and as time goes on, we shall exceed that number. Here is our record for the last 20 weeks, which, we think, will prove to you that at the present day we are making large sums of money for our clients.

PAID AWAY DURING THE PAST 20 WEEKS.

£55,270	20 weeks ago	£66,535	10 weeks ago
£56,480	19 weeks ago	£66,720	9 weeks ago
£57,930	18 weeks ago	£71,080	8 weeks ago
£59,550	17 weeks ago	£72,430	7 weeks ago
£60,760	16 weeks ago	£73,380	6 weeks ago
£61,980	15 weeks ago	£75,260	5 weeks ago
£63,080	14 weeks ago	£76,790	4 weeks ago
£64,360	13 weeks ago	£78,470	3 weeks ago
£65,440	12 weeks ago	£81,950	2 weeks ago
£66,360	11 weeks ago	£85,870	1 week ago

PRESS NOTICE.

"A client of one of the big outside Firms opened a £6 account about a week ago. By the opening of the market to-day (Wednesday), it showed a profit of over £500, and he has had his cheque."—Financial News, May 14, 1908.

COMMENT.

The "Client" in question started with £6 on our "Combination" a few weeks ago, and has since received from us £563 in the following cheques given in the order of forwarding: £10, £58, £24, £96, £10, £24, £58, £120, £112 and £56.

PROFITS PAID DAILY.

No Waiting for Settlement Day. No Heavy Contango Charges.
No Brokerage. No Commission. Limited Liability.
Unlimited Profits. Stock Exchange Net Prices.
Free Cables. No Stamp Duties or Other Fees. Private Code.
Banker's References. 4,860 Clients' Testimonials.

"The firm possesses, and yesterday exhibited to a representative of this journal, a certificate from a City firm of chartered accountants which states that they have compared the cheques referred to in the National Share Exchange advertisements with the banker's pass-book and find the cheques duly recorded therein."

FINANCIAL NEWS.

Those who are in a position to invest £5 should Call or Cut Out Enquiry Form.

FREE INQUIRY FORM.

TO THE SECRETARY, THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Telegrams: "Natshares, London." Telephone: 712, London Wall (5 lines).

Sir,—Please send me (gratis and post free) your full terms of business, your booklet entitled, "The Science of Money-Making," copy of your Chartered Accountants' Certificate, and a list of separate Cheques aggregating £88,720 paid to Speculators who have recently followed your advice. Also your latest Recommendation for a quick rise.

NAME .....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

ADDRESS .....
(Please write distinctly.)

J. B. 676.

Date..... .....

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To H.R.H. the Prince of Montenegro.

Sir,—I beg to offer you my sincere sympathy in respect of the dastardly plot which the Servian regicides recently prepared against your Person and Family. As the late King Humbert observed, the risk of assassination is part of a Sovereign's stock in trade. But it seems unusually hard that infernal machines should have been contrived against you with the connivance of a Government, which is nominally the Government of your own son-in-law. Nor can I forget that, during the years of his poverty and exile, that gentleman enjoyed your royal hospitality, fed upon your royal bounty, and received countless benefits at your hands. Surely the most elementary instincts of gratitude should have prompted Peter Karageorgevitch to make at least some effort to check the diabolical conspiracy which originated in his own arsenal.

You are to be congratulated on having brought to justice so many of the tools of the Servian regicides, and I trust that one effect of the great State-trial at Cettinje will be to demonstrate clearly, before the eyes of all Europe, how dangerous a hotbed of conspiracy the Servian Murderland has now become. Then perhaps the Powers may at length be brought to realise the necessity of destroying such a hornet's nest and re-establishing order in a land which possesses noble traditions and might still hope to enjoy a glorious future under the rule of a responsible monarch.

Now that the Servian dynasty has been blotted out the eyes of Europe and the eyes of Servian patriots will naturally turn to your Royal Highness as the Prince of the Servian people, and one whose long reign has been blessed with the prosperity and popularity which you have so well deserved. The promotion of your house to a wider sphere of activity would be specially welcome in Great Britain, where your name has always been held in the highest esteem. Nor can we ever forget the gracious expressions which you have often employed in referring to our Sovereign, to our statesmen and to ourselves.

Zhivela Tsrna Gora!

John Bull.

To the Town Clerk, Glasgow.

Dear Sir,—You seem to have a rather extraordinary Town Council to look after, for I suppose you do look after them, in so far as they will let you. You have rather an unsavoury hospital scandal in your town, as of course you are aware. Everybody in Glasgow is aware of it, anyhow. It has been the theme of the newspapers for a considerable time, and feeling among the public and the medical profession has run high. The Glasgow hospital is much under-staffed. That was the opinion of the medical men who had work to do there, and if they believed what they professed, it was in the interests of the public and patients alike that they should give it voice. They placed the matter before the hospital committee in a reasonable manner. Instead of giving their representations the weight to which they were entitled, the committee refused to listen to them. The doctors persisted in pressing the facts. The answer of the committee to them was an ultimatum. They were practically told to be quiet or quit.

Unable to obtain satisfaction, they appealed to the Local Government Board for an inquiry, not only in their own interests to prove their *bona-fides*, but in the interests of the hospital as an institution and the people who were in it as patients. The committee became as vindictive as they had hitherto been unreasonable. They dismissed the medical men on the purely technical point that they had violated some old bye-law or other. Well, sir, the Local Government Board Inquiry was held, and the result was that, while the protestant medical staff were complimented, the matron of the hospital, the superintendent physician, and the medical officer of health for the city were all more or less censured, as well as the committee.

In due course, the report of the Local Government Board was brought before the City Fathers, and what happened? Either with the object of shirking their clear responsibility to see justice done, or with the cannie notion of giving the hospital committee a chance of whitewashing themselves before the public of your great city, the Council referred the report to that same committee, already censured by the Local Government Board, mind you, and therefore already condemned in sight of the people of Glasgow. It was obvious even to a blind man what the result would be. Had it not been obvious, the Council would naturally have considered it in committee of the whole Council. The hospital committee considered the report according to invitation. They allowed the matron of the hospital and the city medical officer to attend its deliberations. On the other hand, the doctors were carefully, and apparently maliciously, excluded.

Incensed at this outrage on common fairness, one of the councillors moved—and I wish to say it is to the credit not only of his courage but of his sense of justice—that the whole scandal should be considered on the suspension of standing orders. But the Lord Provost would have none of it. He was determined the matter should not be discussed, and ruled out the motion as irrelevant. A few minutes after he accepted as relevant the motion of another councillor to suspend the standing orders in order to—petition the Government in favour of the Licensing Bill. Evidently the Lord Provost is a humorist, or hasn't to walk six miles to get a nip o' Scotch on the Sawbath.

But what concerns me is the position of these medical men who were dismissed the staff of Glasgow Hospital. Despite indignation meetings all over the city, despite indignant letters in the local Press, despite appeals from ward committees, the officially censured hospital committee have refused to reinstate the medical men who were dismissed their posts for making what appears to me to be a spirited protest in the interests of an institution designed to relieve and cure the maladies of Glasgow's poor.

It seems to me that the councillors who have assisted in the perpetration of this gross injustice should be borne in mind when they again appeal for the suffrages of the electors. On his part, the Lord Provost does not come out of the affair with credit. All round, it looks as if there had been a deliberate attempt on the part of the Town Council to whitewash the hospital committee, and make it hot for the doctors who have dared to be Daniels.

John Bull.

To Lady Audrey Buller, Downes, Crediton, Devon.

Dear Madam,—Permit me to offer my respectful condolence on the death of your distinguished husband. The grave of his military reputation was dug for him by the late Government in South Africa, and he was Brodricked for an after-dinner speech. That he made mistakes in South Africa I do not pretend to dispute; but if all the British Generals who messed and muddled the Boer War had been treated in the same spirit, hardly one would have escaped, and several would have been shot.

It is generally conceded that Sir Redvers was badly treated by the War Office. He was the scapegoat of their own bungling and unpreparedness. In remembering that week of humiliation and disasters for England—a week containing a Colenso, a Magersfontein, and a Stormberg—some of us also remember that he was the pioneer General in a military task which everybody seems to have underestimated, and which everybody bungled; that he was the first to face the music and had all the early rough-and-tumble work to do; that he, at least, cleared up all the country as he went along, and that in comparison with the task put on him that allotted to Bobs was a picnic. Bobs had all the nuts and figs and ha'pence; your brave husband had all the kicks and contumely. Now, he has gone to his rest, where "beyond these voices there is peace." If not a great General in the sense that some warriors were, Sir Redvers was something not less important, not less inspiring; he was a great hero. Had he not been tried in those fierce fires in South Africa where so many British military reputations were buried, and where hardly one was enhanced, men might have thought of him even as a great General, remembering only his deeds of valour in the Zulu war. The V.C. upon his breast stamped his lion bravery on the public imagination, and to the last, despite that the War Office had done its best to disgrace and humiliate him, despite that he was no longer of the Army, the public believed in him and thought of him in the light of scapegoat and martyr.

Thousands grieve with you, Lady Buller. I stand reverently with you and them in the sanctuary of sorrow. After all is said, your husband will stand for judgment as a soldier who did his duty as he understood it, and who knew no fear. And for the highest and the greatest of us, what more need be said?

John Bull.

THE GOVERNMENT AND "JOHN BULL."

MR. STIGGINS: "What shall we do with him?"
MR. ASQUITH: "Leave him alone—he's not a bad chap."

IN THE CITY.

THE GERMAN-OWNED RAND.

A German Town.

When Lord Roberts had completed his triumphal march through Johannesburg he is said to have remarked:—"They told me this was a British town. I find it is German." If he did not say it he might have. The average new-comer is generally some time on the Rand before he realises that everything that matters is dominated by Germans. Like the seeing and conquering General, he notices the German names on the shop fronts, but, unlike him, mistakes them for Dutch. The same ignorance is a bar to his knowing that Dutchmen, apart from the imported Hollander officials of the Kruger *régime*, are rarer in South Africa than Orkney Islanders in London; that Bok, the authority on these matters, says there has not been seen a pure-blooded Dutch Boer in South Africa for sixty years. Neither does the British new-comer know or care that two-thirds of the Boers are of French Huguenot extraction, as their names suggest to the intelligent observer, and the rest German, Scandinavian, and British—the latter mainly Scottish. The paradox of a British Boer is beyond the average mind. It is "simply demmed ridiculous," as a peppery British colonel remarked to the interpreter when twenty captured Free State Boers gave names beginning with "Mac."

Johnny's Disappointment.

When Johnny-come-Lately has been looking for a soft job in Jo'burg for six months, it sometimes dawns upon him that his best chance of success would have been German birth. Knowledge of the language of the Vaterland would be superfluous, for the Rand Teuton has not only monopolised the gold industry, but has consolidated his holding by acquiring a fluent command of English. He has to order about so many British subordinates that he finds their tongue essential.

Considering that the Transvaal is now a British colony, Johnny is somewhat disappointed at the want of enthusiasm manifested in his arrival by fellow Britons and more than surprised that the soft job he seeks is so hard to find. Even were he a Balliol man the Civil Service would be closed to him. Lord Milner long since commandeered all the existing and created all the possible new billets for Oxford men, who sit very tight, while the Botha Government has barred Johnny and his class by a ridiculous new rule that, in addition to compelling officials daily to sacrifice sport for duty, requires them to know something about the work they take on. Even in the Native Department the officials are expected to speak Zulu or the Taal. Lord Milner's *protégés* being Empire-builders, very appropriately refused to have anything to say to Boer or native, unless they spoke Oxford English, telling them to call again, when they could talk a civilized tongue.

This policy of exclusion has its inevitable result. Johnny is driven to the desperate conclusion that there is nothing left for him but work, and this in a country that had cost him, as a Briton, three hundred millions of money, and, incidentally, 25,000 lives!

How the Germans Work It.

Naturally, a job in the superior department of a mine becomes his objective. When he looks up authorities as to the proper person to apply to he is a wee bit surprised to find that of the 67 working Rand mines, 47 are directly controlled by the four typical British houses of Eckstein, Albu, Neumann, and Goerz; that of the remaining score, six are Anglo-French, and that the bulk of the remainder are "tied" to some one of the first four groups. If he flies for aid and sympathy to the chief of the only "purely British" mining house on the Rand—that of J. B. Robinson—he finds that he has to deal with general manager Langermann. There is a striking Rand consistency in having a German manager of a "purely British" concern. Do not the German houses keep a Briton about the premises to represent them? Sir Percy Fitzpatrick talks for Eckstein's 24 companies, Tom Sharwood for Albu Brothers; and Sir George Farrar for the Anglo-French. It is tactful, and, business. The German dominance is not so aggressively apparent when the English junior partner does the talking.

Teutonic Self-Effacement.

The Teutonic politeness that approximates to the cringing deference of the small draper is the more exasperating and puzzling because it is so un-English. The prosperous Rand Germans are singularly free from that "side" and swagger that are the trade marks of too many successful British Randites. A stranger might imagine they were the apocryphal downtrodden British Uitlanders of the pre-war days, instead of being, as they always have been in the Transvaal, at the top of everything worth having. This modest self-effacement of the Teuton is responsible for the fiction that the Britisher is top-dog on the Rand. Fritz is quite content to stay in the office and nurse the Bank pass-book, while his British representative addresses the shareholders, or swelters in the Parliament House at Pretoria as the champion of British interests. There are hundreds of Johannesburgers who would not know by sight the mighty Frickkie Eckstein, Goerz, Albu, Francke, Henochsberg, Carl Hanau, Burkenrath, or Mosenthal, but the English chief of the Bottle-washing Department of the house has his name kept standing in the local papers, while his wife's dresses and jewels are described every time she graces a "brilliant social function." It must be accounted to them for righteousneess that as a body these Teutonic plutocrats pay their subordinates well, much better, in fact, than most of the British houses, which explains the exemplary loyalty of the English underling to his German employer.

The German Crowd.

The exploitation of the Rand is in every sense of the word an underground business. The man in the street in England thinks of it only as a matter of pick-axe and shovel, with share scrip as a trimming. He cannot know anything of that vast and complicated business of financing the industry, which is absolutely in the industrious hands and clever heads of the almighty German crowd. It is no mere figure of speech to say that the whole of the ramifications of Rand finance is engineered by a dozen astute Germans whose names and personality are barely known to the average Johannesburger. No new mining venture can exist without their will and pleasure. They make and unmake working agreements or reconstruction plans as the Rothschilds used to control the destinies of the minor States and Principalities of Europe. And the strange thing is that this little party, who would not crowd a five o'clock tea table, yet dominate the greatest industry in the world, do not own a single mine; but as the money-lenders and general supporters, as underwriters of shares and mortgagees, they have the controlling voice. When the Natal-owned Nigel Company held out against Chinese labour, the German band simply intimated that they would go into the Exchange and buy up a controlling interest in the property. The Nigel Directors suddenly saw that coolie labour was the one thing needed. So, when, and if our Johnny-come-Lately contrives to raise sufficient capital to take an interest in a small mining property, he soon learns what German control means. The Band, through one of its numerous Corporations, will advance a few thousands, which has to be expended on machinery and equipment supplied by a firm nominated by the lenders, who will also obligingly appoint a German engineer to superintend the work. Does a shareholder in a new mining property ever wonder who gets the fat jobs connected with equipping the mine—often a matter of a quarter to half a million—or ask who has the giving out of the order? These are points that rarely arise either in directors' reports or shareholders' meetings, but ill-conditioned and suspicious persons on the Rand assert that no firm supplying mining equipment or necessaries is without a representative of the Rand German Band.

How the Money's Made.

It is curious how the average man in the street runs away with the superficial notion that Rand magnates make their money out of gold production. The Randite prefers his gold ready minted and takes care to get it in that form. Digging for the raw material is too precarious.

Side Shows,

Then there are other side shows out of which the German contrives to make a good thing while maintaining his racial ascendancy. How few Johannesburgers are aware that nine-tenths of the Scotch and Irish whisky swallowed in the Transvaal is imported by the all-powerful German firm of Rolfes Nebels, to whom also every other hotel or saloon in the land is "tied"; that Siemens and Halske practically monopolise the vast electric supply so far as machinery and fittings go; that the whole of the newspaper trade of South Africa is in the hands of the Central News Agency, a firm mainly financed by the Mining group, and invented and controlled by Mr. Lindbergh; that a German-controlled cold-storage company feeds the Transvaal; that German companies or individuals are the ground landlords of the

ost valuable portions of Johannesburg; that the proportion of German to British among the commercial firms in the first flight is three to one; that the *Star*, the professed organ and the champion of British interests, is and always has been, controlled by the mining interest, an individual known as Eckstein's policeman" having the run of the editorial office; that more than half of the "Progressive" members in the Transvaal Parliament are nominees of the German financial houses.

IN—FINE!

In fine, the whole position may be summed up in the general declaration that most that makes for domination on the Rand is controlled by Germans. In common justice, it must be admitted that they deserve it, because they have won their position. They were the commercial pioneers, not only of the Rand, but of the Transvaal. They were a power in the land before Englishmen had heard of Pretoria. As a body they are more cultured, better educated, and certainly keener business men than the British, and as employers liberal and invariably conscientious. Probably the second-rate position occupied by the British magnates explains their characteristic parsimony.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN FINANCES.

A week or two ago we referred to some curious statements made by Mr. Lloyd George in his first speech as Chancellor the Exchequer in relation to the Hop industry. They were statements of fact, and the only explanation of statements so very wide of the mark was the very inadequate one that the Chancellor, knowing nothing about the hop industry before he went to the Exchequer, had not been coached upon it during the few days he had been there. But now Mr. Lloyd George has taken occasion to contrast German and English finances greatly to the disadvantage of Germany. In the debate on the Budget resolutions on June 1st, Mr. Lloyd George, not for the first time, referred to the financial position of Germany in proof of his contention that Protectionist finance is disastrous to a country. It may be useful to quote his exact words:—

> "Germany, who has got to borrow 50 millions, has found herself in financial difficulties. In Germany the Sinking Fund has been suspended—and not for social reform, but to meet the current expenditure of the year. So much for Protectionist finance."

Now anyone reading that statement would assume that Germany, if not well on the way to bankruptcy, is at least in very serious financial straits. That is only true in the most superficial sense. Mr. Lloyd George has made the mistake which would be natural enough to the man in the street who reads a sensational telegram or two in his morning newspaper about Germany's deficits, and the rest of it, but is very surprising when coming from a man in the official position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is quite true that this year the German Budget shows a heavy deficit, that there have been deficits in past years, that a loan is contemplated to cover these deficits, and that there must either be retrenchment or increased revenue if deficits are to be avoided in the future. All this is true enough, but Mr. Lloyd George's inference from these unquestioned facts is amazing.

Let us glance at one or two figures. The National Debt of Great Britain stands to-day at £17 6s. *per capita*. The National Debt of Germany stands to-day at £12 5s. *per capita*. The National Debt of the United Kingdom represents, so far as about 96 per cent. of it is concerned, nothing but the cost of bygone wars. The National Debt of Germany includes enormous industrial assets; how large may be gathered from the fact that the net profits of the State enterprises of Prussia alone for the past year exceeded 41 millions sterling. To take a single item, it was stated by the Prussian Minister of Public Works in the Prussian Diet last year that of the £475,000,000 paid for the Prussian State railways, £150,000,000 had been written off, so that the book debt on account of the railways amounted in 1907 to £325,000,000, whilst their intrinsic value as estimated in the same official statement—and the correctness of it has not been questioned—was £1,000,000,000. Can Mr. Lloyd George point to any one item in the national finance of this country approaching these German figures?

That the incidence of taxation in Germany requires readjustment, and requires it urgently, is true. The difficulties in the way are mostly political, but they will be overcome sooner or later, and probably before long. There are many people in this country at the present time who are consoling themselves with the belief that since war cannot well be carried on in these days without enormous expenditure Germany could not afford to go to war with this country. That is a most perilous delusion, and it is to be regretted that it should be encouraged by Mr. Lloyd George allowing himself to forget in the heat of debate that what is permissible, and, maybe, harmless, in the case of the mere rhetorician, may have most untoward consequences if indulged in by a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

LIPTONS.

We congratulate the shareholders and all concerned upon the great recovery made by the Company, as shown in its report for the past financial year just issued. The gross receipts have improved, as compared with the preceding year, from £228,000 to £274,300, and the net profit from £146,100 to £162,800. The gross receipts are the best since 1900–1, the net profit since 1901–2. Under the present vigorous and up-to-date management the business is improving and expanding in all directions, and authority will be sought at an extraordinary general meeting to issue £250,000 new Ordinary shares. The Ordinary dividend paid this year is the highest since 1902–3, namely, 8 per cent., and this notwithstanding that the depreciation allowance is £5,000 more than was set aside last year.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

INVESTMENT OF £400.—H. O. (Dover).—Your list is a very good one, but we should prefer Home Securities.

GARAGE, LIMITED.—H. G. R. (Grafton Road).—You have made an excellent investment.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS.—Safety (Willesden).—We have gone very fully into the affairs of this society in recent issues, to which we must refer you for reply.

THE BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND PLATE GLASS INSURANCE COMPANY.—M. H. (Birmingham).—We have your letter, but its statements are much too serious for us to act upon without documentary evidence in support of them. If you like to submit such evidence to us we will give the matter attention.

GLOBE TELEGRAPH AND TRUST COMPANY.—Globe (Gracechurch Street).—(1) Fairly so. (2) We see little likelihood of early improvement at present in the price of Natal Bank shares. Natal is under a cloud just now.

THREE SHARES.—J. B. (Limerick).—The shares of all three are good. Probably Liptons have the greatest chance of improvement in quotation.

KENT COLLIERIES.—B. R. R (Harrogate).—We much regret that we cannot give you the reference. No doubt your solicitors would be able to give it.

AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—Kent (Gillingham).—Certainly not.

SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.—Marine (New Cross).—(1) Yes, an excellent investment. (2) We know nothing against the Brewery Company you name.

CHAMPION AND SLEE.—Vinegar Company (Tonbridge Wells).—Pay no attention to the statements contained in the document you send us. We do not think you could sell to advantage just now.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST COMPANY.—J. H. D. (Lewes).—You ought to know by this time that we always advise readers not to have anything to do with "margins," "options," and the like.

STATE LOTTERIES.—E. W. (Pontypridd).—The address is Messrs. Davies and Co., Finch Lane, Cornhill, London, E.C. W. B. (St. Albans).—Ditto.

HEARTS OF OAK INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. D. (Lenghergdd).—The answer is in the affirmative.

SALVATION ARMY ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—A. W. (Sunderland).—We cannot advise you to take out an Endowment policy with this Society. In our judgment there are many others better worthy of public support.

FINANCIAL NEWS PREF.—J. V. F. W. (Littleboro').—We think them an attractive purchase.

THREE BUILDING SOCIETIES.—A. Bourbon (Walthamstow).—You name three of the best of the Building Societies when you speak of the Temperance Building Society, the Perpetual, and the Hearts of Oak.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—J. S. R. (Belfast).—We see no reason why you should sell. The Company is doing well and last year extended the scope of its transactions by acquiring the United Legal Indemnity Insurance Society, Limited, which did a varied business, including Employers' Liability and Burglary Insurance.

VARIOUS SHARES.—Alfred (Chichester).—All the shares you name represent promising speculative purchases, but we gather from your letter that you are not in a position to deal largely in speculative securities, and if that be so we advise you to confine yourself to shares in companies which are well established and steady dividend payers.

THE BANQUE ANGLAIS AND FRANCAISE.—S. A. S. (Wood Green).—We are obliged to you for your information as to this bank being a suitable medium for persons who wish to buy Premium Bonds.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—Muggins (Soho).—Under the circumstances we should be inclined to run the risk and continue payments.

SUTHERLAND REEFS.—W. H. E. (Sheffield).—We do not.

PONTMAN CHAPEL BUILDING SOCIETY.—Safe Deposit (Daventry).—We understand the Society to be sound and well managed, but we should be inclined to let the £40 remain where it is at present. The difference in the interest is hardly large enough to make it worth while to transfer.

STOCK EXCHANGE DEALINGS.—A. J. C (Enfield).—It is impossible for us to express an opinion as to the merits of the dispute between yourself and the brokers on the *ex parte* statement you send us. If you think you have been wronged you should consult a solicitor. We return the correspondence, contract note, and so on.

SURREY AND IRON RAILWAY COMPANY.—M. C. (Chester).—We have no information respecting the Company to which you refer, but whose name you have, we assume, given us wrongly.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—C. (Enfield).—We cannot undertake to check prices to see whether your margin was exhausted or not. The ordinary lists are open to you, and you really must attend to your own business.

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COMPANY REPORTS ETC.

THE MOLASSINE COMPANY (1907).

Mr. Fred Livingstone, the Chairman and Managing Director of the Molassine Company, Limited, who presided at the Ordinary General Meeting, held last week, at the Offices, 36, Mark Lane, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said that the Directors had pleasure in stating that their anticipations of a successful year's trading had been realised. Eliminating shillings and pence—after paying £1,138 for expenses incidental to the formation of the Company, and which will not occur again—the net profits for the period from 5th February, 1907, to 31st March, 1908, say nearly 14 months, were £25,099, against £11,438 for the last 12 months' trading of the old Company, which ended on 31st October, 1906. The capital reserve fund has to be raised to £25,000 before the deferred shares can participate in profits. This fund, after making provision for payment of dividends on both preference and ordinary shares to 31st March last, now amounts to £15,866, which must be considered very satisfactory. The demand for the Company's products showed a very satisfactory increase during the year. The quantity of Molassine meal sold for forward delivery as at 31st March last was in excess of the tonnage on the same date of the previous year. The deliveries so far in the current year show an increase. The output of Molassine meal having continued to increase, and economies being thereby effected in the cost of distribution, and although the margin of profit has been decreased, the directors have adopted the policy of giving the greatest possible advantage to buyers with the result that Molassine meal is not only the popular food of the day, but its price compares favourably with that of feeding materials generally. A dividend of 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares was recommended.

PEARKS (LIMITED).

Presiding at the twelfth ordinary general meeting of this company, at Winchester House on Friday last, Mr. W. H. Leush, the chairman of the company, in moving the adoption of the report, said since the last meeting the company had gone through a trying year of its existence on account of the abnormal state of the provision markets. Prices had advanced enormously, and in certain districts they had to sell sugar, and for a time cheese, below cost price. For several weeks butter was being sold by almost every large retailer in the United Kingdom at prices actually below market rates. Fortunately the company had well bought stocks and contracts to draw upon, but the effect of the competition was that for a time they had to lose the profit on some of their best purchases for the good of their customers.

They had several large Government contracts, and were doing an increasing business with hotels all over the country. The net result was a net profit of £21,059. After paying 6 per cent. on the preference shares, and 3 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares, there was £9,380 left to be carried forward.

As to the future, the directors were very hopeful. Their credit was stronger than it had ever been—(applause)—their buying of the chief lines, such as tea, butter, cheese, and sugar had been so well managed during the past year that they could sell their entire stocks of those commodities in the wholesale markets to-day at a good profit. Their volume of trade was being well maintained, and only needed fair market conditions to ensure being able to show better results next year. (Applause.) —The report was adopted.

THE ROYAL LONDON FRIENDLY SOCIETY,

Established in the year 1861, this Society is one of the largest Collecting Societies. The Society has outgrown the provisions of the Friendly Societies' Acts, which limit the amount of insurance policies to be effected by it to £200, and restricts it from carrying on insurance business, such as fire, accident, house purchase, etc., etc. Advantage is now being taken of a provision of the Act of Parliament, which enables such a Society by means of a Special Resolution to transfer itself into a Mutual Insurance Society under the Board of Trade.

The scheme has been settled by Sir Francis Beaufort Palmer (Barrister-at-Law), and the constitution and rules of the Friendly Society have been embodied as the foundation of the proposed constitution. Members of the Friendly Society become members of the Mutual Insurance Society, there being no disfranchisement.

There is no share capital, the new Society being limited by guarantee of a nominal amount as the Society has large accumulated funds. Provision is made for the continuance of Trustees on behalf of the members in relation to their funds, and an Arbitration Tribunal is created, Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B. (late Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies), being one of the Arbitrators. Mr. Francis G. P. Neison, F.I.A., the well-known Actuary, has settled the scheme from the Actuarial standpoint. Provision will be made for the protection of employees of the Society with reference to their conditions of service, Trade Union terms of remuneration being secured for them. The present Committee of Management become Directors of the new Society on similar terms and conditions. The present form of meeting and voting is retained.

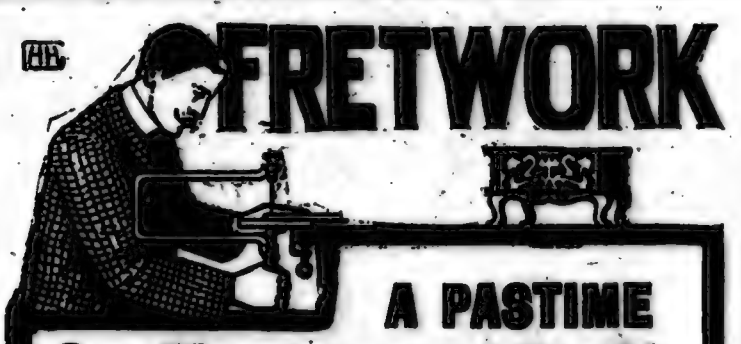
The new scheme has received the overwhelming support and approval of the large body of employees of the Society, and is now being placed before the members for their sanction.

MILLINERY SHOPS AND SOME MANAGERS.

We have received several complaints from young persons who have been in the employment of a well-known millinery establishment in the West End as to treatment they have received from the manager of the business. These statements are of the most serious character, and we need hardly say that they must be verified in every particular before we can give publicity to them. We should not make this preliminary announcement if our investigations were not practically completed, and if they had not satisfied us that the allegations are well founded, nor should we have decided to give publicity to the practices complained of if they had related only to one business establishment, since it might well have been that its manager was a very bad exception to the general rule. But whilst we should be very far indeed from saying that the man to whom we refer is a fair representative of the general body of managers of millinery and similar establishments, our enquiries have led us to the conclusion that he is by no means the only one who has abused his position in the way we are hinting at; and that the evil is sufficiently general to make it desirable in the public interest to deal with it. We hope to go fully into the particular case we have been investigating in the course of a week or two.

THE COLONEL AND THE CLERK.

Under this title, and in our last issue, we published some experiences of an unfortunate clerk, who, having served one of the great London dock companies for twenty years with satisfaction to his employers and credit to himself gave way to temptation, and, pressed by moneylenders, obtained some goods by false pretences. We expressd the opinion that if anyone gave him another chance by offering him employment, they would not regret it, and we directed the attention of employers to the case. We are glad to say that within a few hours of the publication of the statement we had a communication from a gentleman offering the assistance wanted. This offer we have forwarded to Mr. Landell, and we hope to be able to announce next week that he is once more in honourable employment.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THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahl.

The Blandishments of Elmer Ebenezar.

A Maidstone gentleman has received from one Elmer E. Knowles, President of the New York Psycho Success Club, the offer of a lifetime, and Elmer invites him to catch hold of him quick. "A personal friend who has a thorough knowledge of your character and ability," writes Elmer on yellow quarto, "has proposed your name for membership of this club, recommending you as a person possessing sterling qualities and as being ambitious, energetic, and anxious to make a mental and financial success. You will no doubt be thankful for the kindly interest your friend has taken in you, for you now have the opportunity to become identified with the most powerful mental organisation the world has ever known." In consideration of this lavish recommendation, Elmer says he will book the Maidstone gentleman as a member at the greatly reduced charge of five dollars a month, or ten dollars per year in one sudden swoop.

My correspondent, who sells pure new milk, fresh farm butter, rich thick cream, and new laid eggs, has apparently built up a sufficiently large business as a public benefactor on these Christian lines—and I wish there were more of him—not to need the assistance of the Psycho Success Club. But thinking I might like to try a dollar's worth myself, he forwards me the literature of the subject. I am obliged to him.

"Can you close your eyes for a moment," queries the epistle of Elmer Ebenezar, "and imagine the effect of thousands of minds all over the world concentrated upon your success at a given moment?" To be frank, I'm hanged if I can. It has always appeared to me that the man who is a success is too busy to concentrate his mind on the fellow who isn't, and that the fellow who isn't spends too much time in shying bricks at him to earn five dollars to pay for a monthly ticket in a Psycho Success Club. I feel about success much what one of Elmer Eb's. countrymen, Josh Billings, thought about it. "I never argy agin a success," said Josh. "When I see a rattle-snaix's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left, and I say to myself, I sez, 'thet thar hole belongs to thet snaix.'"

He continues, "Do you know the irresistible power of telepathy?" There again he downs me. I am told by the Psychical Research and Spook Society that there are instances where Bill Smith has projected his cerebral waves over miles of country into the dome of thought of Bob Brown, but nobody seems to have done anything of the sort for Carnegie, or Rockefeller, or Ogden Armour. The first says he was successful because he found a man willing to lend him money, and the second relied on rock oil and prayer, and the third struck his dollars in the corned beef can. A few years ago I was told of a pious south of England farmer who thought he would make a success of his crops if he relied on prayer, wherefore he called in the curate to offer up a few words. The curate looked over the fields first "Farmer," he said, "this lot doesn't want prayer; it wants manure." If anybody who gets Elmer Ebenezar's Psycho Success Club circulars is yearning for success I suggest that he should keep the five dollars a month that gentleman has his eye on and spend it on manure.

Elmer Eb. continues, "Have you ever experienced the feeling that someone is thinking about you?" I have. I have felt it in my ears—left for love and right for spite, but either ear is love at night. "My friend," he adds—and I have a sort of feeling that he was thinking about laying his fatherly, beneficent hands on the five preliminary dollars of that pure new milk, fresh farm butter, rich thick cream, new laid eggs dairyman of Maidstone—"you can employ this most powerful force to aid you in successfully carrying out the plan that may be in your mind at this moment." That's all right. The plan I have in my mind is to touch somebody for an annuity of £5,000 a year and I hereby telepath five dollars to Elmer Eb. for the same. If he is an honest salesman, he will telepath to me that £5,000 a year in exchange.

Elmer Eb. encloses an "Application Blank" for membership of the Psycho Success Club. On the margin he writes a special 20 days reduced offer of five dollars for a year's telepathy, or one dollar for two months. These being cutting terms, I gather that Elmer Eb. is getting hard up for lack of custom. In the Psycho nobody need be afraid of getting blackballed. You pay your money and you go right in. Here is the one condition of membership:—"I promise not to reveal the Mystic Formulas or Harmony Key to any person who has not an unexpired certificate of membership." I don't know whether the Formulas or Harmony Key are as mystic as Elmer Eb., but he apparently sends a nice assortment for five dollars. There is one lady who seems to have had some. She is the widow, so she says, of the late Senator John N. Douglas. "I cannot say that wealth is flooding me at present," writes the widow, "but I do say I feel greatly benefited by the noble sentiments expressed in the lessons." Another member of the club who has had five dollars' worth of noble sentiments writes a testimonial to say that he has not only gained five pounds in weight but that his cough is better. Wherefore consider the offer carefully, and may Heaven bless your happy home.

WANTED! A TRAINED MAN.

This is the cry of every employer throughout the United Kingdom to-day. Trained men are wanted. There is absolutely no doubt about this. It is for the *untrained* man that there is *no* demand. Hundreds of *untrained* applicants are now on employers' lists waiting to fill poorly-paid positions. And they are likely to continue waiting, because the supply of untrained men is greater than the demand. On the other hand, employers are continually writing asking us to supply them with trained men to fill responsible well-paid posts.

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MISSED MILLIONS.

HOW HUGE FORTUNES ARE MISSED.

WEALTH WAITING FOR YOU.

Have you ever thought how near you have been to a fortune and just missed it? You may have heard of the man who stood the whole of one morning on London Bridge selling sovereigns—real sovereigns—at one penny each, to decide a wager. By dinner-time he had only sold three. People thought that the offer was too good to be true and laughed at the idea of being able to buy sovereigns at a penny a time. People stopped, looked at the tray of glittering coins, smiled and shrugged their shoulders and passed on. How many thousands of people are there to-day who are doing the same thing! Fortune comes along and offers them wealth, ease, position, and they turn away from her, not because they do not want wealth, but because they do not believe that the offer that Fortune is making them is genuine, and so they flout Fortune and she goes elsewhere. In a word they miss opportunities, and at the same time they miss the goal for which they have been striving—wealth. If men could only recognise Fortune when she knocked, all would become rich, and it is to help you to understand what is an opportunity and what is not, that this article has been written.

You may already be possessed of riches, and if so, you may learn how to increase them, and if you are not, this article may prove the first step on the road to fortune for you.

Wealth is the

GOLDEN KEY THAT UNLOCKS ALL DOORS,

and this key is now offered to you. It is for you to insert it in the lock of opportunity and open the golden gates! Wealth would mean a great deal to you. You would leave behind all the carping cares of comparative poverty. You would not have to be everlastingly economising and constantly waging a war with very limited means to make both ends meet. You would enjoy all the privileges which riches alone confer upon a man or woman. Instead of serving you would be served. You would order where you now obey, you could have your own motor car, mansion and servants. In fact you would live in a new and delightful world.

You may have been seeking this new world afar off, but opportunities generally present themselves at one's feet. Many men and women have been within an ace of fortune, and only missed it by a hair's-breadth.

And now comes along another and grander opportunity than has ever presented itself to you before.

This opportunity is Fortune at YOUR door, and it is for you to accept or reject her. Accept and you may become possessed of a huge fortune, reject and you may have to number this among your pitiable missed opportunities.

The only way to increase money is to lay it out where it will bring you back a huge return, and this may be as easily accomplished by the man with a shilling as by the man with this thousands-of pounds.

Money must be laid out where it will be absolutely safe, where it will bear a high rate of interest, and where there shall be opportunities of money-multiplication. The only system in the world that fulfills all these conditions is that of purchasing International Securities. This system is now recognised as the finest money-making scheme that the world has ever known.

Both capital and interest are guaranteed by the Governments of the various countries that issue these securities, and the rate of interest is in most cases far higher than can be obtained at any bank, also the holders of these securities may at any time become possessed of a

HUGE FORTUNE

of several thousands of pounds.

These International Securities are really shares in the finest and most wealthy cities and countries in the world. In many respects they resemble our own Consols, only with these securities there are infinitely greater opportunities of earning an almost unlimited return, for several times during the year there takes place a distribution of bonuses, and holders may become possessed of one or more of these cash premiums, which are for thousands of pounds.

For instance, we will suppose that you wished to lay out £5 in City of Paris Securities.

In the first place you need not pay your £5 all at once, unless you so desire, for the International Securities Corporation have instituted a system whereby you can pay by easy instalments, and yet immediately participate in all the benefits and the distributions of bonuses.

Secondly, you receive as interest upon your money the exceedingly generous rate of 4 per cent., which, in itself, would be considered an extremely useful investment.

Then there are four distributions of Cash Premiums every year, at which such useful sums as £6,000, £4,000, £2,000, and so on down to sums of £80, are given to Security holders, and mind you this in addition to the high rate of interest.

It is quite impossible to go into the matter thoroughly in this short article, but we are glad to be able to inform readers of JOHN BULL that a special book on the subject has been issued by the International Securities Corporation, of Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W., which gives very full and valuable information concerning these securities.

This book tells how, among other advantages, this Corporation have instituted a system of

FREE INSURANCE

by means of which its customers are insured free of charge against Accident, Sickness and Death. In the case of Accident for £500 and £1 a week, for Sickness for £1 a week, and they are presented with a free Life Policy for £100 without medical examination. This Blue Book of official details also explains how to secure a good combination of securities so as to have the highest rate of interest, as well as the largest bonus opportunities.

To thousands this book has brought wealth and happiness. It clearly and unhesitatingly points out a sure and safe road to enormous wealth, and you can have this book for the asking.

You will naturally want to know more about this extraordinary offer of wealth, and you are advised to make immediate application for the book, a limited number of which have been set aside for readers of JOHN BULL, and which will prove to you a golden opportunity of becoming rich. You have let opportunities slip before. Can you afford to miss this one? Make up your mind to at once sit down and write for this book, which will prove a revelation to you as to the power behind even the smallest amount of money. Make your application to the Manager, The International Securities Corporation, Limited, 255, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W.—[ADVT.]

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Americanisms.

American sayings in a play that has been produced here have caused much wonderment and an additional dictionary. I was reading the description of a frock in a fashion paper from the other side when I came upon this line:—"The skirt has not much flare, and is becoming to women who are used to trig-tight lines." It is really remarkably incomprehensible. Besides this, however, I noticed the following little homily, entitled "Don't Fritter." It is a good little sermon, and bears repeating:—

"Live for something, if it be only to get all the joy that is going in life. To have a good time is not the highest kind of aim, but it is better far than aimlessness.

"Some women are cursed with a listlessness that prevents them from having a vital interest in anything.

"The mind fritterer will never be heard of though she has genius to back her. Butterfly flitting from study to study will never achieve learning or mental discipline.

"Time frittering is even more deplorable.

"Don't be a business fritterer. Some girls try so many different occupations, and go from position to position in hope of getting something more to their liking, that often they find youth and opportunity have flown while they are still 'sampling jobs.' Their less migratory and more plodding fellow-workers have 'gotten there' long since.

"Above all, do not have changing ideals. What is right at one time is right at another. Know what you believe and try to live up to it. Have a purpose in life, and then bend your energies to carrying it out."

One does not object to Americanisms of that sort.

For Phyllida.

It is just as difficult to work at play as to keep from playing at work. Several well-known Society hostesses have found the constant entertaining so great a strain that they have had to think of some way of keeping up their strength. The rest cure, however, is no more the fashionable or desirable medium for recuperation. The latest thing now is to have a little cottage in the heart of the country far removed from London festivities and country-house parties. Here the fair owner can run down for a day or sometimes for a week-end, with just one servant and occasionally some faithful crony or other, and here she gardens from morning till evening, disregarding wind and weather, desirous only of benefiting by the exercise and the healthy life. She sees to her roses, and lilies, and hollyhocks, and not spurning even carrots and potatoes; she eats bread, and fruit, and honey, and drinks fresh milk and cream, and comes back with some of the roses and cream in her complexion. It is a pretty variation to the too-strenuous life.

For Renovating Old Lace.

Old lace may be made to look as if done up by the most careful lace-cleaner if it is carefully washed in soapy water and ironed while still damp under a layer of tissue paper with a not too hot iron.

For Whom do we Dress?

Some subjects get discussed a great deal more widely and energetically than they seem to deserve. One of these much debated points is as to whether women dress to charm the eye of man, or to gratify their own innate love of ornament, or to make other females envious. The little "Review" issued by the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union gives in the frankest manner its opinion regarding the aim and object of the prevailing type of feminine attire—the trailing skirt—the well-fitting corset, making hips and bust prominent—the custom of wearing *décolleté* dress for evening festivities. All this is merely designed, says the little paper, severely, to appeal to man's senses—to emphasize the difference of sex. It then goes on to point out how even the mildest description of dress reform is hindered by the economic dependence of women upon men, and by following the same trail of argument it might have added—by the comparative scarcity of men in the marriage market. This point was illustrated rather amusingly by a caricature in a recent German paper. A very fashionably-attired lady is seen conversing with an artistically clad dame. This reformer, who wears a loosely-flowing, shapeless robe, says to the fashion plate:—"You see, your dress restricts the body most unnaturally, while mine is loose everywhere, especially at the waist, and would not interfere with the function of maternity; it is impossible to tolerate anything that would adversely affect one's children." "Very likely," replies the other, "but I shouldn't worry much, for as long as you wear that sack, you won't fall into that dilemma."

Lace Blouses.

Unquestionably some of the most charming blouses upon which the eye of man ever rests are those that are composed entirely of lace. This most dainty and delicate of fabrics is in itself so ornate and decorative that very little trimming of any other description is needed. The up-to-date lace blouse this season is generally finished by a touch of gold or silver tissue, and nothing seems more appropriate to the airy, fairy elegance of lace than the contrasting brilliance of this metallic sub-

LIPTONS.

PURVEYORS By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty The King of Spain.

TEA MERCHANTS By Special Appointment
To His Majesty the King.

PURVEYORS By Royal Warrant
To Their Majesties The King & Queen of Italy

Growers of the Finest Tea the World can Produce.

No Middlemen's Profits.

No Quality Equal to LIPTONS.

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CHIEF OFFICES:

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

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INLAND AND FOREIGN BANKERS AND GENERAL AGENTS,

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Has been established to offer facilities, principally in the way of Banking, to small traders and the general public, which so far only people in a large way of business and the wealthier classes could obtain. There are quite an important number of business men and others, who are working without a banking account, as the result of the large balances expected by most institutions to be kept by their customers, or the high rate of commission charged for keeping accounts.

SPECIAL FACILITIES.

Inland and Foreign Trade Bills discounted at from Bank Rate.

Advances on all sorts of British and Foreign Securities and Merchandise at from 4% p. ann.

Loans on Life Insurance Policies (if under £50) up to Full Surrender Value.

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2½% per annum Interest allowed on Cheque Accounts (daily balances). No minimum balance to be kept. Overdrafts allowed by arrangement.

Special Rates in any Company for all Insurances—Life, Fire, Burglary, Employers' Liability, etc.

Detailed Prospectus in English, French, Italian, or German, post free.

Offices open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

L. A. NOBLE, Secretary.

stance. It can be introduced in all sorts of ingenious methods. One design has the lace laid in a couple of pleats from shoulder-seam to waist. The small V-shaped yoke is edged with applique, the design of which is picked out with gold thread. The yoke itself has gold braid of the narrowest description, threaded in and out, finishing by a row of dainty little bows down the centre. Another model has the fulness of the material gathered on to a round yoke. This yoke is edged by a series of little medallions each placed above gold tissue, the bright yellow gleaming through the meshes in a most fascinating manner. The yoke itself is studded with single medallions treated in the same style. Yet a third design, composed of hand-made crochet lace, has five large medallions upon the front of the blouse—one on either shoulder, one each side of the bust, and the fifth in the centre. Each of these has an ornate tassel of gold-thread hanging from its centre. The collar and yoke are of a much finer style of lace. Round the throat is fastened a gold tinsel *négligé* tie, likewise ending in tassels. It is almost universally known that to show up at its best a lace blouse should have an interlining of white chiffon over its ordinary silk foundation.

Smart Afternoon Gowns.

The draped fronts to skirts are certainly growing in favour. This revival comes as something so new, so novel, and withal so graceful and charming, that it is small wonder that the innovation has been seized upon with avidity. The first step is to admire the Paris models, the next stage is to emulate them. Who now, with any degree of taste, could avoid giving admiration to a gown of rich blue face cloth, the skirt, slightly high-waisted, and falling in graceful folds, arranged across the top of the front in three crossway folds. The little coatee has revers of white satin, elaborately embroidered in delicate spring shades—primrose, tender green, the palest pink and a touch of blue. The sleeves, corsage and jabot are of *filet* net of the same shade of blue as the face cloth. Another gown in fine, smooth silky-looking cloth of a delicate art shade of pink, has the clinging skirt set into tucks and trimmed by silk military braid of a slightly deeper shade of pink. The three-quarter length coat opens in front over a tiny pointed waistcoat of *chêne* silk. The wide sleeves are of the kimono type, and end but a few inches below the shoulder. From beneath this sleeve appears another reaching to the elbow, and composed of three frills of lace, the pattern outlined by hand embroidery of pink silk, and a few silver sequins. The same idea is repeated on the jabot at the throat. The sequins are tiny and few and far between, yet they give a charming effect of sparkle, the idea being further added to by a very narrow band of silver tissue round the edge of cuffs and collar.

Wherein Women are Disloyal.

Apropos of the strike of the "Cabin" shop-girls, a leading ladies' paper has been rejoicing over the idea that women are learning to sympathise with and uphold one another, that the spirit of *camaraderie* is growing amongst them. Well, it may be growing—I believe it is—but it is still a plant of much diminutiveness and lamentable frailty. The truth is that women's indifference to the welfare of their own sex is such that it is not altogether easy to refute the pessimist who declares that even when Woman's Suffrage is won, no very striking practical advantage will result to the sex.

The Summer Cream.

CONTAINS NO GREASE.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, the face cream without grease, is the greatest discovery ever made for the skin. It contains an entirely new principle and frees women for ever from the slavery to oily or greasy creams. The Icilma Natural Water it contains cleans the pores as nothing else can do and gives a lasting sense of cool clean comfort. Unequalled for preventing and curing sunburn, redness, roughness and insect bites. Price 1/-, all Chemists.

Icilma Fluor Cream.

Send 2d. stamps for dainty samples of CREAM and ICILMA NATURAL WATER SOAP, Art Card on "Skin Tone," full particulars for care of the skin and "How to tell a good cream."

ICILMA Co. Ltd. (Dept 5), 14a, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

FITS CURED

by OZERINE. It has cured permanently the worst cases of EPILEPSY when everything else had failed. From the first dose fits usually cease. Sent to all parts of the world, 4s. 6d. and 11s. post free. Thousands of testimonials. Write for a Free Bottle and full particulars to I.W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. 35), 25, High Street, Belfast.

An Interesting Book on Health.

SENT FREE FOR THE ASKING.

John Bull readers are advised to send at once for this interesting book, which deals with the problem of health—how it is lost and how regained—in a most intelligent manner. It is well worth two guineas to anyone who reads it, yet it does not cost a penny to secure it. It is sent free, postage prepaid, to all who write for it.

The sending of the book places you under no obligation whatever. You will feel better for reading it. It tells the story of hundreds of poor sufferers who have been restored to perfect health by the electric method. It tells that story in a plain, straightforward way, and it will go direct to the hearts of many ailing persons who have been doctoring and dosing themselves with medicine in a vain endeavour to get back their strength. The gladsome tidings that these messages convey cannot be too widely distributed.

Have you ever thought of the relation that electricity bears to the human body? Did you ever try to find the reason for your poor health? This book on curative electricity tells you of these things. It tells how to apply this wonderful force to the body so as to restore its nervous power—its vitality—and when your vitality is up to standard you are strangers to feebleness, pains, aches and disease. The world looks bright to you—you are happy.

The pain in your back, the weakness of your stomach, your loss of appetite, the headaches, nervousness, dizziness, and dulness of mind, lack of energy and ambition, weariness, are all symptoms of loss of nervous power, and all the scientific men tell us that nervous power is electricity, the force that is contained in the nerve cells. It is this power that runs the great force pump of the system—the heart—also the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and every organ of the body.

A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring the book to you at once. Do not delay, as it may be of vital importance to you. If near enough to call, a free test of the wonderful curative powers of electricity will be given you.—Advt.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS AND LONDON BANKS.

The New Prospectus just issued by the Mercantile Bank of London deals very fully and minutely with the increased benefits and advantages that can now be secured by Country Customers with London Banks. The question of Current Accounts for small Traders is dealt with, also the vexed point of interest on deposits. A new departure on the part of London Banks, *i.e.*,

Guaranteed Bankers' Cheques

is fully discussed and explained, and a chapter devoted to Banking Profits and the Public is well worth the careful perusal of those who have banking accounts or contemplate opening a banking account in London.

A copy of this work will be forwarded post free on mentioning John Bull to THE SECRETARY,

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON LTD.,

King's House, King Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Established 16 years.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That railway companies only combine for the sole benefit of the travelling public.

That the Pan-Anglican Congress will not pass round the hat.

That the 'bus-drivers in that district now call it the Mile-without-End-Road.

That the Entente cordiale was specially arranged by the promoters of the Franco-British Exhibition.

That "Startling Reval-ations" will result from the meeting of King Edward and the Czar.

That the War Office believes in "Protection"—of it's secrets.

That the Daylight Bill will daylight everybody.

That Bank "Hollerday" is the proper way to spell it.

A schoolgirl of fifteen has been arrested for burglary at Frankfort-on-Maine. Evidently she has a taking way.

Epping Forest is said to be haunted by spirits. The shades of night?

"A Barking Mystery," reads a heading. We are tired of these sausage jokes.

"Imprisonment for debt is a relic of barbarism," declares Mr. Justice Joyce. Debtors are now re-Joycing.

The Bishop of London says that he composes many of his sermons while shaving. What a time he must take to shave!

"John Bench" is the name given by the St. George's (Hanover Square Guardians to an infant recently found on a seat in Hyde Park. John mustn't let everybody sit upon him when he grows up.

The choir of a church at Bamber Bridge has gone on strike. Because the allowance for their annual trip has been lowered, they will not hire their voices.

"No country can rise higher than its women," says Mrs. Martel. Certainly England can't get over some of her's.

It was stated at a recent inquest that only one sailor in a hundred could swim. But most of them manage to keep afloat.

"The twentieth century is the era of the woman," says Baroness Orczy Some of them are making it the "error" of the women.

At Marylebone, it is stated that the old married couples in the workhouse refuse to live together. They have no old age *penchant*.

A Clerkenwell County Court witness recently confessed that he had never heard of the American Civil War. Buck up, Carnegie!

Eton's wonderful boy actor is said to be of splendid physique. Not surprising that he can take his own part well.

"Socialists Attack Monarchy," a heading reads. No doubt they claim to possess a sovereign remedy.

"This pillar-box is not in working order," was the notice placed over the fragments of a box broken in halves by a runaway horse. It should have been printed in Braille type.

The *World* recently presented us with the "French President at Home." At the time he was abroad.

What to do with a rough diamond. Cut him!

The Czar has most polite manners. Finnish and Polish.

Re Mr. S. L. Hughes and the Pewter Pot. Why does not "Sub Rosa" make a glass retort?

A firm offers suits at 18s. each and guarantees that you will have a fit.

Mr. Paul Taylor distinguishes the four stages of "perfectly sober," "sober," "drunk," "perfectly drunk." What about "slightly sober"?

During the recent arrests in Downing Street, one of the Suffragettes is stated to have made good use of the railing. A familiar weapon.

A number of Sheffield barbers have decided against Sunday shaving. Their customers will have to rough it.

America is the greatest pill-consuming nation on earth. They even bolus out.

The Admiralty has just awarded a medal to a naval veteran of Ludham, Norfolk, for services in 1854. He deserves another for his patience.

DISTILLED DEFINITIONS.

"Short" Commons.—The House in a bad temper.

The Fun of the Fair.—Tormenting politicians who are opposed to their cause.

Eve of the Poll.—The Lady Canvasser.

A Euston Road pavement artist chalks over his work "Easy to draw: Hard to eat." "Hard to lick" would be better.

Nature at last crowns the dream of the Socialist, and places us all on a dead level.

According to *Reynolds's*, a surgeon is a man who cuts up members of the body politic. Our contemporary is getting mixed. It is solicitors who do that.

Lord Esher says that General Gordon wore his hat on the back of his head, a cigarette between his lips, and walked arm in arm with God. Hardly respectful.

A headline: "Honeymoon with a madman." Nothing new.

We are told there are 50,000 empty houses in London. Plenty of cellars, but few buyers.

At last the Liberals have obtained a Stirling victory.

A hermit who lives under an umbrella in the Berkshire pine woods says he is quite happy. He is prepared for a rainy day.

CONDENSED CRITICISMS:—

The Two Flags.—Quite a breezy production, which, if the ropes are properly pulled, should easily head the poll. The principal actors do not waver in the least, and are well supported by the staff. Undoubtedly a signal success.

The Thunderbolt.—A very striking play. The dialogue is a trifle heavy, and wants lightning, and some of the characters storm too much, but the aim is good, and a great hit is certain. The drop-scenes are excellent, and the current rumour as to the piece being shocking is unfounded.

Jack Straw.—Rather light material. The hero is a man of no substance and gets plenty of chaff. Though bundled together, the plot has a grain of originality, and the scene where the hero gets threshed is quite striking.

The Dairymaids.—A Dare-in' production, but quite the cheese. The sentiment is rather milk-and-watery, especially when the hero cows the villain, and makes him "walk his chalks." The Milking Song with the pumphandle chorus is most realistic.

Getting Married.—A knotty problem, in which the characters get fairly tied up. The altering of the heroine gives the piece the right ring, and the marriage lines are quite convincing. The performance of the banned was very good.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

PROMPT PRIVATE ADVANCES.

£100 and upwards to £10,000

ON NOTE OF HAND.

The Nobility, Gentry, Professional Men, and Tradesmen requiring an advance should apply personally or by letter to

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TRADE BILLS DISCOUNTED. NO FEES.

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FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

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Claims paid exceed..... £22,250,000

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LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES AT POPULAR RATES.

WORLD WIDE POLICIES.

A.B.C. Guide to Stock Exchange.

1908 EDITION 35rd.

The Simplest and Best Guide in every description of Stock Exchange Transactions.

Contains Highest and Lowest sales for the last 15 years.

Gratis and Post Free from Publishers,

FREEBORN FRANKLIN & Co. (ESTABLISHED 1899)

12, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, MANCHESTER.

PRESS THE KNOB—RAZOR IS READY.

BRITISH MAKE

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

At all Stores, Cutlers, etc. or post free from CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER STREET, E.C.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

WILL THE PRACTICAL JOKERS who send in covers with "faked" numbers please cease the practice? Otherwise, we are afraid we shall have to take serious notice of the matter.

W. S. (Gateshead).—Have nothing to do with the "Racing Stud" scheme. The people who know these "good things" should be allowed to keep them for their own benefit.

E. W. S. (Birmingham).—As we have so often said, our advertising and editorial departments are quite distinct, but we agree with you that "a real gold solid gipsy set ring with four diamonds and three rubies" for 5s. 6d. is a tall order.

W. N. (Tottenham) wishes us to know that bakers are sometimes "tied" to a firm of millers. We presume, however, the millers do not actually own the shops.

T. T. (Bristol).—You are quite right. The dates got mixed up.

H. P. H. (Bracknell) wants a biscuit for the proprietor of a billiard saloon for charging a shilling for a fire. We do not see what the amount spent on refreshment during the course of the game has got to do with it.

R. W. S. (Manchester).—"Turf accountants" and "turf correspondents" are euphemistic terms for bookmakers. They cannot be interfered with so long as they do not do ready-money business.

M. O'D. (Swansea).—It was certainly careless of the *South Wales Daily Post* to give an account of the Bournemouth Tram Disaster under the word "*Sporting*."

MR. G. (Stratford).—Christie's address is 8, King Street, St. James', S.W. "Lydy" is Cockney for "lady," just as damn is French for the same word. We never spelled it "lyd" in our lives. Look again.

G. S. (Sheffield) is dissatisfied with the Tabard Inn Library, and offers to tell our correspondent A. R. (Ipswich) how he dealt with them.

C. R. G. (Colwyn Bay) says there is a law compelling bakers to sell bread by weight, and he does not understand how W. H. D. (Nottingham), being a baker, did not know that.

C. W. B. (Peterboro').—Afraid we can't wade all through Diggle's drivel. The hymns are the same as those sung at the Queen's Hall Prayer Meeting.

J. W. (Glasgow).—You *are* a suspicious sort of chap. Why not look in and see the numbers drawn when you are next in London?

S. L. (Lichfield).—We must not award a biscuit without actually seeing the document, which appears to be worth searching for.

H. J. B. (Harleeden) complains of the way in which public-house employés are boycotted when seeking berths outside the trade. He also strongly approves of our proposed Employment Tax.

J. W. G. (London) informs us that the Central Telegraph Social Society has just been formed for the purpose of arranging for an annual concert and dance amongst the employés of the Telegraph Department. We are delighted to hear it, and hope Mr. Buxton will not consider that the Society comes within his ban.

"JUNO" (Nuneaton).—We are not medical experts and should advise your consulting your own doctor.

W. F. W. (Ipswich).—We will read the Archdeacon of Sudbury's caution to Temperance Reformers. Some of them *are* cautious!

"CURIOUS" (Beverley).—We cannot tell you whether the Mr. Ernest John Wilberforce recently before the Courts is the same as the gentleman who recently contested the Holderness Division of Yorkshire.

A. C. (Leith) calls our attention to a case in which a Glasgow grocer was recently fined £1 7s. 6d. for infringing the Early Closing Act by serving a woman with some sugar, tea and bread at 8.30 on the evening of April 7th. What a heinous crime, to be sure!

R. McL. (Glasgow), who signs himself our "Well-Wisher," advises us to go openly over to the Tory Party and fight for vested interests. We haven't any.

H. C. C. (Ilfracombe) suggests a biscuit for Mr. Gooday, General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway, for stating in his evidence before the Daylight Bill Committee that an alteration of the clock would probably mean that the company would burn less gas and would get more out of their men. Where does the biscuit come in?

A. W. F. (Wimbledon) awards us one of our own biscuits for referring to Montmartre as in the Quartier Latin of Paris. We are personally acquainted with only the respectable parts of the city, however.

J. G. (Gateshead) must not think we believe all the advertisements which appear in our paper, especially when they profess to have solved the secret of making money in stocks and shares whether they rise or fall.

L. S. E. (Chagford).—If you will call our attention to any specific complaint against the firm, and enable us to verify it, we will soon take its advertisement out of our columns.

A. S. D. (London) has "always thought that Brighton was under some Satanic influence" and in proof of this sends us a collection of newspaper cuttings relating to all kinds of crimes connected with the district. Perhaps however, the recent visit of the King may have driven the "elementals" away.

F. W. B. (Dorchester).—Oh, indeed.

"CONGO" wants to know where he can find particulars of country houses to let. He might do worse than consult the advertisement pages of the *Throne*.

F. T. (Leeds) has a good word to say for Geromes. He entered their limerick competition last year and sent them 5s. with ten lines. Then he thought no more about it until last month, when they sent him a prize of £25. As he knows no one connected with the firm, he may certainly consider himself very lucky.

C. J. (Pembroke Dock).—Why should you think the *Daily Telegraph* was "napping" merely because it said something sensible?

W. J. (Dublin) sends an advertisement of the Ozonia Company's limerick, and an intimation that the competition has been abandoned. When did the advertisement appear?

J. A. P. (Thames Ditton).—We are not sure that it was incorrect to say that the annual meeting would take place on February 29th.

E. B. (Staveley).—We think we have already read about the heart which was "double the abnormal size."

H. G. R. (London, N.W.) wants to thrash out the fiscal question with us We will answer his questions quite briefly. (1) Dumping means cheap goods, and cheap goods are, as a rule, good for the consumer. (2) The taxation of foreign investments might be advocated without detriment to Free Trade principles.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

TO THE SECRETARY,
LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD.,
Basildon House,
Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

Please send me gratis and post free your book, entitled "Modern Banking and Investment"

Name .....

Address .....

[JOHN BULL Coupon.] .....

S. E. Y. (Hove) corrects the *Daily Mail* about the first international bowling match, and informs us that it took place at Southsea, not at Bicester. All right.

J. (Scarborough).—It is not unusual to allude to a lady as chairman.

S. P. R. (Farnborough).—What is your objection to the statement that millions of pounds have been invested by the poor? It is not suggested that there were only one or two of them.

G. H. F. (London, N.W.).—Without further information we cannot give *Reynolds's Newspaper* a biscuit for stating that a boy "broke his leg while skating outside a public-house." He could not well skate in the bar-parlour, could he?

E. L. G. (Bristol).—As much kudos as you like, but no rhino for biscuits.

J. R. J. (Ruabon) wants to know when a dog is to be considered ferocious. We suggest tying a kettle to his tail.

J. C. (Market Rasen).—No doubt it was careless of the bishop to forget the confirmation, but he has apologised.

J. L. H. (Leicester) warns our readers against sending money for seeds. He has found most of the people who advertise them unsatisfactory.

E. F. (Smethwick).—An enquiry into the lady's "state of wind" certainly seems unnecessary.

F. W. H. (Wolverhampton).—Are not you a little bit hypercritical?

"ANOTHER COCKNEY."—It was certainly supererogatory to spell like "lyke," when quoting a Cockney. We shall certainly have to discharge that printer of ours.

P. B. L. (Stonehouse).—The Sheffield Circular Distributing Agency does not sound very convincing. We should advise you to keep your money.

A. J. T (Holborn) says the British Typewriter Company went out of their way to meet him. We are always glad to hear all sides of any question.

"MAC" (Leicester) wants the local police to be prevented from taking part in a "whist drive." But surely that is a very harmless form of amusement.

F. W. S. (Fulham).—We are afraid you have no remedy, but will deal with the matter editorially.

A. C. (London).—We think you would be wise to give the Brussels International Exhibition—although the space is only £20 a square yard, "half on allotment and the balance on receipt of the official notice of award for Grand Prix or Gold Medal"—a miss.

F. B. (Bristol).—We have received the bottle of your patent physic, and will lose no time in taking it.

W. H. (Dalston) calls our attention to the fact that the *Furniture Record* is adopting our motto, and protests that if you see it in its pages "it *is* so." That should be the motto of every paper.

R. J. A. (Dundee).—An excellent biscuit.

J. B. (Deptford).—We are afraid you and your friends are outside the Act, and that there is no possibility of amending it at present. We shall be happy to send you a full report of our Editor's speeches on the Licensing Bill if you care to have it.

C. H. H. (Johannesburg).—We do not think your brother would be disqualified from entering Dr. Campbell's Asylum, but we have forwarded your enquiry to the Secretary, who will doubtless write you.

J. T. (Wokingham), and many others.—We have had a word with the Rector of Purley.

H. L. (Braintree) objects to the local chief Post Office clerk, who fills up his spare time by preaching at a Wesleyan chapel, utilising the pulpit for the purpose of obtaining signatures to petitions in favour of the Licensing Bill. He thinks it is a breach of the rule prohibiting Civil Servants from interfering in politics. It is a very harmless offence.

M. B. (Crouch End).—Up to the present, Mr. Bottomley has not been successful in obtaining a place in the ballot for his Divorce Law Reform Bill.

A. W. (Beeston).—A very sensible letter indeed, that of the Rev. M. H. Pitts-Tucker. Would there were more like him!

C. H. (Camberwell) is a turf commission agent, and wants us to publish weekly lists giving the names and addresses of all persons who default in paying their racing debts. That, however, would involve our suspending all the other features of the paper, and increasing our size tenfold.

S. J. S. (Walthamstow).—Thanks for calling our attention to the condition of the JOHN BULL flag near Hackney Downs station. We have despatched our special steeplejack to attend to it.

"SOLDIER" (Manchester).—We will inquire into the matter.

The ASSISTANT SECRETARY of the Artificial Teeth Aid Society (89, New Oxford Street, W.C.) writes in refutation of the complaints of one of our correspondents. His point is that our correspondent left his last address, and could not be traced when wanted for 3s. 6d. Have any other readers any experience of this Society?

T. S. E. (Gateshead).—The Editor always fancies his horses are going to win. We are afraid we cannot spare a page to discuss the very important question of Limericks.

W. K. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We are giving Limericks a rest for the present. Why not do the same?

E. S. (Leeds) is going to Edinburgh and Callander in July and wants to know of some private rooms where he can have board and lodging.

L. McM. (Woolwich).—We note what you say about the ink, but you must have got some copies fresh off the machine. We are very sorry you lost your guinea instead of giving it to us for our birthday present.

H. W. (Liverpool).—Murray and Co., the ear-drum people, are merely an *alias* of the notorious quack Ponting.

M. A. R. (Bristol).—Our verdict is "Fishy."

A. J. I. (Holloway).—It is certainly hard to be invited to walk down "a short staircase" at the Angel Station only to find that there are 214 stairs. But think of the physical and arithmetical exercise.

W. J. E. (Crouch End) is very complimentary about us, though he does not always share our views. Perhaps he will in time.

W. R. B. (Blackburn) wants to know the exact weight of George Hackenschmidt, and is not satisfied with the "wrestling weight." Shall we weigh him before breakfast or after dinner?

J. F. considers the Lord Chancellor "a useless member of society." But he was not altogether a failure at the Bar.

W. G. (Clissold Park) asks whether it is worth his while, time, and expense to train as a sanitary or a factory inspector. Without knowing more about his temperament and circumstances, it is impossible for us to advise.

G. McG. (Pontygwaith) begins his letter "dear and gentlement," and asks whether there is "and orphan home en London were a man Can mack and application for a wife and when the get married the Government give them a Grant." We will consult Mr. Burns and let him know.

W. A. (Middlesborough) asks if we make any payment for biscuits. We *give* the biscuits.

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4.—You will do your duty by your family, to yourself, and know you are not getting behind if you assure.
5.—Nothing kills quicker than worry.
6.—If you are not insured you must worry.

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ASK FOR CATALOGUE B
J. G. GRAVES, Limited, SHEFFIELD.

J. F. P. (Malvern), E. B. H., and others, draw our attention to a magistrate's remarks about the habit of using scent. With so many motors about, however, we should have thought that even patchouli might be forgiven.

G. T. (Syston).—The reason for the constant appearance of the nought at the commencement of our numbers is that the machine is made that way.

G. R. (Merthyr Tydfil).—We do not know anything about the One and All Club, Caxton House, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

M. C. (Hull) noticed a query some time ago from C. H. (Hull) as to whether it is possible to enjoy oneself, and says that if we had the misfortune to live there, we should have understood better. Hence the familiar expression "Go to Hull."

"A VICTIM" sends further complaints about Cox and Co., the moneylenders, but omits his name and address. Otherwise we should have been glad to mention his case.

"AN OLD SHIP STEWARD."—It is certainly not a criminal offence to charge fees for finding situations, but many of the firms which profess to do so take the fees and do nothing in return. We quite agree that introductions are of little value for obtaining situations at sea.

J. P. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* has made a mistake about the date of the Phœnix Park murders, but that is not sufficiently funny to justify a biscuit.

"A REGULAR READER" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Thanks for cutting. Five years' penal servitude for stealing 6 lbs. of ham certainly seems monstrous even though there were previous convictions. We are glad you have waked up your newsagent.

M. J. G. (Bath).—The appreciation of a political opponent is doubly welcome.

"CYNICAL SALLY" (Caterham Valley) wants a biscuit for the *Daily Graphic* for advertising as an acceptable wedding present a picture, entitled "The Coming Storm." He says, "Surely no friend would be so brutal as to send such an inauspicious reminder of the inevitable."

A. W. B. (Capelton, Canada).—We are afraid we do not know where you can obtain a comic recitation, entitled "Love and Buttons." Can any lover, or tailor, oblige with the information?

"GIPSY" (Upper Edmonton) deplores the selfishness which afflicts members of every profession, "even lawyers and travelling tinkers." Why "even"?

W. C. S. (Woolwich).—We cannot tell you whether it is the office boy or the printer's devil who edits the paper.

E. A. L. (Whitechapel Road).—We are glad to hear that the publican's daughter is going to read us aloud. You are a good boy to take so much trouble.

"BALDWIN".—If the mutton is 200 years old, it certainly ought to be savoury.

I. G. (Bishopsgate) says the Middlesex Street Police Buildings are insufficiently aired. He thinks "air tubes ought to be fixed in each room and the inmates be compelled to suck at stated intervals." What next?

D. L. (Winchmore Hill, N.).—We do not think that the fact of advertising a sale catalogue at 6d. constitutes a contract or prevents raising the price to 1s. 6d.

"BUNGHOLE" (Mile End).—We do not know Mr. Warn, the "deaf specialist." You are a sensible man to agree with our views.

J. W. (Brixton) has a friend in Rhodesia who was reading us so busily one night that he did not notice some lions tearing and half-eating his donkey. If he had been reading anything else, we should have exclaimed, "What a donkey!"

J. E. (Old Charlton) takes us to task about various trifles. We still think we are right, but we have not space or patience for such arguments.

C. S. (New Malden) wants a biscuit for a fowl which swallowed a number of articles, including six trouser-buttons, a clock-screw, a cartridge, and twenty pieces of glass. But surely it would be unnecessary to add to this very generous diet. Besides, the bird is dead.

A. T. (Sunderland) protests vigorously against courtiers being expected to speak French and German. But surely that is a necessary part of elementary education nowadays. On the other hand, we agree that too many foreigners are given high posts in the public service. As for the Royal Family, surely its popularity has increased during the present reign.

J. S. R. (Clayton) wants a biscuit for a gentleman who said he had known a school building for sixty years, though it was only built in 1891. But perhaps it had existed in his mind's eye, like General Wade's roads.

J. H. H. (Edinburgh).—We have never tasted acid strawberries, but they sound very refreshing, particularly as lemon juice and strawberries make a very good mixture.

J. K. P. (Strand) sends us a cutting from one of Lord Northcliffe's serials, in which the short red hair of a K.C. at the Old Bailey is "standing up straight from his head." At any rate, the writer possesses imagination.

E. H. sends us the report of a prosecution for cutting up a live fish, and wants to know whether he may eat oysters, boil lobsters, kill sheep, or catch fish on a hook. Very soon, we imagine, he will not be allowed to do anything at all. In fact, we are not sure that he ought not to be prosecuted for writing to us as an accessory after the fact.

"A READER" (Stepney).—We are glad you have had satisfaction. You are quite wise to be careful about the future.

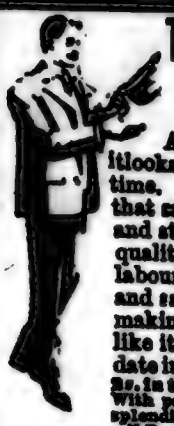
W. G. H. (East Ham) sends the following beautiful song, which deserves to be set to music:

CROW THE POLYMATH.

Jim's Almanack that caused such fuss,
Is even now not gone to dust.
Its sacred pages, I myself,
Still cherish now upon my shelf.
The genius that devised its plan,
Points me to Crow, the higher man.
Men! If for points your brain does rack,
Just turn up Jim-Crow's Almanack.

J. E. S. (Sunderland), L. A. M. (Hanwell), E. F. M. (Forest Gate), L. S. C. (London, S.E.), O. L. (London University), T. A. (Handsworth), MRS. S. H. G. (West Bromwich), L. J. (Manchester), "ANON" (West Green), J. H. McN. (Clapton), J. H. C. (Hornsey), J. V. (Reading), L. C. H. (Frome), H. A. (Tyne Dock), C. B. (Liverpool), W. H. W. (Tallawakelle, Ceylon), "EFFIE" (Glasgow), A. AND L. M. (Leicester), A. J. G. (Wandsworth), M. G. (Beaumont Square), W. H. H. (Sutton), H. G. T. (Maida Vale), H. B. (Denmark Hill), "LUPUS" (Hampstead), F. G. R. (Birmingham), "JESTER" (Leicester), "SAMMY" (Prittlewell), R. M. (Barnsley), G. H. (Southampton), C. C. C. (Oliva House), C. B. (Penge), M. C. (Victoria Park), E. H. H. (South Tottenham), E. W. P. (Teddington), O. D. (Hampstead), R. K. W. (Kirkcaldy), W. V. E. S. (Middlesborough), and T. A. E. (Leeds).—Many thanks for letters, biscuits, and United Phonograph Company circulars.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)



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7 PER CENT. INTEREST.

FROM THE ANCIENT METHODS TO THE MODERN.

A great London bank has recently made apparent to all the world that a great injustice has been done the public through the antiquated methods of the Banking Community, and this same bank has issued a book written by a bank manager, which will come as a revelation to the man or woman who imagined that they were receiving justice under the old *régime*.

The book points out that the day of the 2½ per cent. has gone for ever, for the simple reason that money has a value of more than double that amount. The perusal of this book causes one to pause and ask if one is realising by any means the true value of one's money? If, as the book, which is entitled "Profitable Banking Accounts," says, a man or woman is allowing his or her money to stagnate at the Post Office Savings Bank, or any other bank, at 2½ per cent. interest, they are committing a sort of financial suicide, for a leading London Bank is now paying depositors 4 per cent., 5 per cent., and even

7 PER CENT. INTEREST.

The bank takes to itself no credit for this, as this is the true value of their money, and all that this bank, which is the great Feltham's Bank, Ltd., has done, has been to place itself in a position to give investors the just and real value on their deposits, and numerous other advantages through adopting up-to-date methods and bringing their business into line with numerous other business institutions which have adopted for their motto the poignant word "Progress."

This book points out in a very clear and concise manner the disadvantages under which the old system was worked, and more especially the injustice which it imposed upon the small depositor.

At Feltham's Bank the man with but £1 is welcomed and given all the advantages and privileges of the man who invests his thousands.

A few examples of the benefits accruing from banking with Feltham's taken from "Profitable Banking Accounts" are as follows:—

On current or working accounts Feltham's pays interest at the rate of 4 per cent. It was the custom of the old-fashioned banks to charge depositors for working this account. As Feltham's says: Could anything be more unfair than charging you for the use of your money when you should be paid for it?"

Then Feltham's pays 5 per cent. per annum on deposit REPAYABLE ON DEMAND, 6 per cent. on deposits (from £1 up to any amount) repayable on three months' notice and 7 per cent. (from £1 up to any amount) repayable on twelve months' notice. At these generous rates there is a charm in watching your money grow. The growth is so perceptible that it is an incentive to thrift. For instance, supposing that you decided to save 2s. 6d. per week and put it in Feltham's Bank at the 6 per cent. rate of interest, at the end of twelve months you would have £6 13s. to your credit; in two years' time £15 15s., in five years £37 7s., whilst in ten years the amount would reach the respectable little sum of £87 10s.

If you could manage to put aside 10s. per week (and how many of us could if we would only determine so to do?), in twelve months you would have £26 14s., in two years £55, in five years £150, and in ten years £350. Then for the man who banks on a larger scale, banking some hundreds, or even thousands of pounds in the course of a week. Think what 6 per cent. would mean to you, and remember if you run a current account, with Feltham's you get 4 per cent. interest, and this interest is calculated on daily average, so there is absolutely no loss of interest.

7 per cent. Deposit Notes.

What other investment can you think of that whilst offering such undoubted security as Feltham's, at the same time gives such a high rate of interest? Consols, Stocks and Shares, House Property are all well enough in their way if you can afford to accept 2½ to 3 per cent. for your money, but remember Feltham's pays you 7 per cent., and by availing yourselves of this great bank's remarkable offer you may

GET RICH QUICKLY AND SURELY.

As most people are aware one of the best, most convenient and most readily negotiable securities in the world are what are generally known as Bankers' Deposit Notes. These are really Bank Notes issued by certain banks, only with this striking difference, that whilst the Bank Note pays no interest, the Deposit Note carries a very high one. These notes, being made payable to bearer, can be handled, exchanged and passed from one person to another precisely as is the case with the ordinary Bank Note, but there is a great difference between 7 per cent. interest and no interest at all, and that is the rate that Feltham's Bank pays upon its Deposit Notes.

Feltham's Bank now issues Deposit Notes to everyone in multiples of £1 upwards. Several Interest Coupons are attached to these Deposit Notes, and when the interest is due, all the holder of the note has to do is to tear off one of these coupons, and either post it or call with it at the Bank, and the sum due will immediately be paid. At the end of the period for which the note is issued, the value of it is paid in full or re-issued in other Deposit Notes. This system is one of the greatest advances made by the Banking Community of late years. There are many other advantages offered by Feltham's that it is impossible to thoroughly go into here, but readers of

John Bull are strongly recommended to write for the book with golden covers which explains everything in detail. To many this book has proved a veritable gold-mine, and has opened the door to wealth and position.

Antiquated methods will not do to-day! The cobweb of the past must be swept away if you are to enjoy the advantages offered by the march of progress, and this book, "Profitable Banking Accounts," is a kind of financial brush for sweeping them away. Write for the book, and go by the book, and riches are yours, for this book points out the way to wealth as surely as though bank notes were enclosed between its covers.

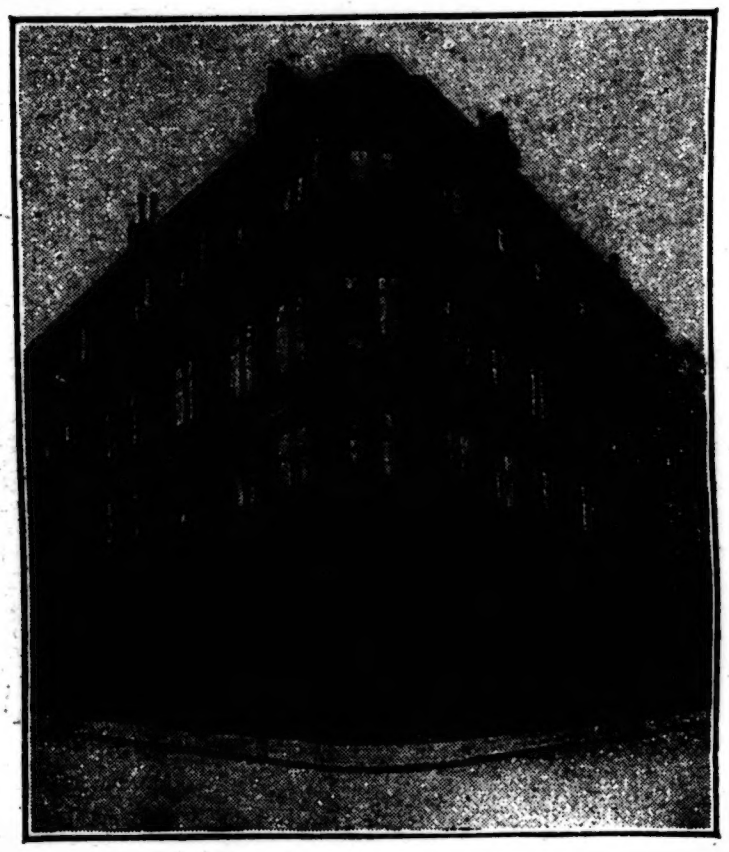
Among other advantages which this book points out accrue from banking with Feltham's, should be mentioned an unique system of

Free Insurance,

whereby customers are insured free of charge against Accident, Sickness and Death. This is a very real boon and the sums insured are large, being, in the case of Accident, for £500 and £1 a week, for illness for £1 a week, and a Life Policy for £100 is presented free of any cost and without medical examination.

This extraordinary benefit which Feltham's offers its customers is unprecedented in the annals of the banking world, and if worked out on a cash basis would bring the interest paid on your capital up to 15 or 20 per cent.

But this is not by any means all. There unvariably comes a time when a man or a woman is in need of temporary financial assistance. The old-fashioned Banks seemed to take a positive delight in placing difficulties and ridiculous restrictions in the way of the customer who might require this assistance, and the would-be borrower generally gave up the idea of obtaining the use of a sum of money at his bank—the very place where he has the right to expect it—in despair.



Feltham's Great London Bank.

There is no real reason why a bank should not convenience its very smallest customers in this respect, and at Feltham's he or she will experience none of the restrictions or difficulties which are typical of a bygone age.

This money may be required to take advantage of some business opportunity that may never present itself again or it may be required to meet some unforeseen emergency, and at Feltham's Bank customers can obtain the use of either large or small sums of money on just and reasonable terms.

Another important thing that Feltham's have recognised is the fact that a very large number of people at various times require expert financial advice, and that facilities should be given to these people for obtaining it.

For this purpose a special department has been instituted where customers can rely upon receiving the latest expert advice regarding money and investment.

Feltham's Bank has recognised that a man should be able to go to his bank for financial advice just as he goes to his lawyers for legal advice, and at this bank this advice is cheerfully and willingly given. Another institution of which Feltham's was the pioneer, is the now well-known system of

Banking by Post

by means of which customers living in the country hundreds of miles away may have all the privileges that accrue from banking with a first-class London House, just as though you lived in London and could do your banking personally. Immense sums of money pass safely through the post every day, and remittances cannot possibly go astray. Immediately on receipt of your first deposit Feltham's Bank will send you a Cheque-Book and Pass-Book or Deposit Notes just as you wish. This system of banking by post again is fully gone into in the book "Profitable Banking Accounts." To briefly sum up the benefits of this bank of modern methods, you should bear in mind that:—

(1) You are dealing with a highly respected and leading London Bank that has benefited by progress, and is therefore enabled to offer advantages impossible under the old *régime*.

(2) You receive a high rate of interest, 5, 6 or 7 per cent.

(3) You can avail yourself of the convenient and profitable Deposit Notes — the best and most handy form of currency.

(4) You can obtain expert financial advice for the asking and free of charge.

(5) You receive the benefits of Feltham's unique Free Insurance Scheme.

(6) You can do your banking by post.

(7) You can start your account with as low a sum as £1, and receive a cheque book with all the advantages.

These are the seven main points about Feltham's Bank, but there are many more, and for the express reason of explaining these the book "Profitable Banking Accounts" has been written.

In a perfectly clear and lucid manner this book tells the whole story of Feltham's improved methods of banking and how you may profit by them. It is not filled with dry details or technical terms, it is an intensely interesting book on a most important subject, and will prove a revelation to readers of John Bull who are wise enough to send for it. Fortune is knocking at your door, can you afford to turn her away? You have missed opportunities before because you have failed to recognise them as such. This free book will enable you to recognise in Feltham's Bank a great opportunity of money-making; send for it to the Manager, Feltham's Bank, 96, Victoria Street, London, W., or 2, Coleman Street, London, E.C.—[Advt.].

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

No "Snatching" Up.

The Durban Turf Club Stewards insist upon all horses being ridden right out for places; we badly want some of these stewards over here.

A Traveller.

Salford last year paid a flying trip to the South of Spain, where he won one of Gibraltar's chief races—as also a heavy money match.

Positions Changed.

Write down what you think any friend of yours who is an owner *ought* to tell you, and then buy a horse a week later and see how utterly you disagree!

And Is It Not So Here?

In New York they have discovered that racing hugely benefits the farmers—especially yeomen—who breed for show at fairs.

News Travels Fast.

It is simply marvellous how some people, tradesmen and others, whom you would never think would know anything about racing, do get to know stable secrets, and particularly when there are "jobs" or "good things" on.

Has Snow Leopard in Charge.

Blackwell, the trainer, left his post as head lad to the late Matthew Dawson to take over Sir Daniel Cooper's horses—and he has had the care of whatever the owner of Lesbia has possessed ever since.

We Should Relish It at Times.

What a chance one has in Belgian racing, where they do not settle *every* Monday, but at the end of the season of about six weeks! Whatever one loses he surely ought to "get out" in that time.

Invariably We Do the Wrong Thing.

How noticeable it is that when at a meeting we invariably only bet to win. At home it is usually each way. Thus it is just a man's luck as to what he does the right or the wrong time.

A Public Safeguard.

I certainly think that *all* railway carriages upon race trains should be of the corridor type, which would be the greatest possible safeguard against card-sharpers or possibly assault and robbery.

Trade Protection.

The West Indies evidently intend to encourage thoroughbred horse-breeding, as their Jockey Club law enacts that any horse imported should not be qualified to start in any race unless there has been deposited with their officials a sworn declaration by the owner that the horse did not cost more than 100 guineas and that there was no contingency in the sale. Further, the vendor is also to swear an affidavit confirming it. These extreme conditions are, however, waived where horses are bought at public auctions

The Wrong 'Uns Know it.

How human nature runs in one groove, and how we all act similarly! Take the case of receiving an unsolicited circular from a bookmaker. The first is thrown aside with contempt, with the full (assumed) knowledge (which is correct) that he is a wrong 'un. The new two or three are probably treated similarly; but these men know human nature and persist. A week or so later the recipient is tempted to have "a look at" what prices he offers. That is a certain sign that within another fortnight he will begin corresponding—and, finally, be "let in."

Prophetic.

A big holiday week means rush and bustle everywhere. The Manchester Programme, now so far ahead, needs dealing with, but I can only suggest that with a run, and Piper up, whatever beats

Asticot

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